



FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
3

MARCH
No.132

STILL 52 PAGES

10¢

THE
DOLL MAN
loses
His IDENTITY!



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



the DOLL MAN

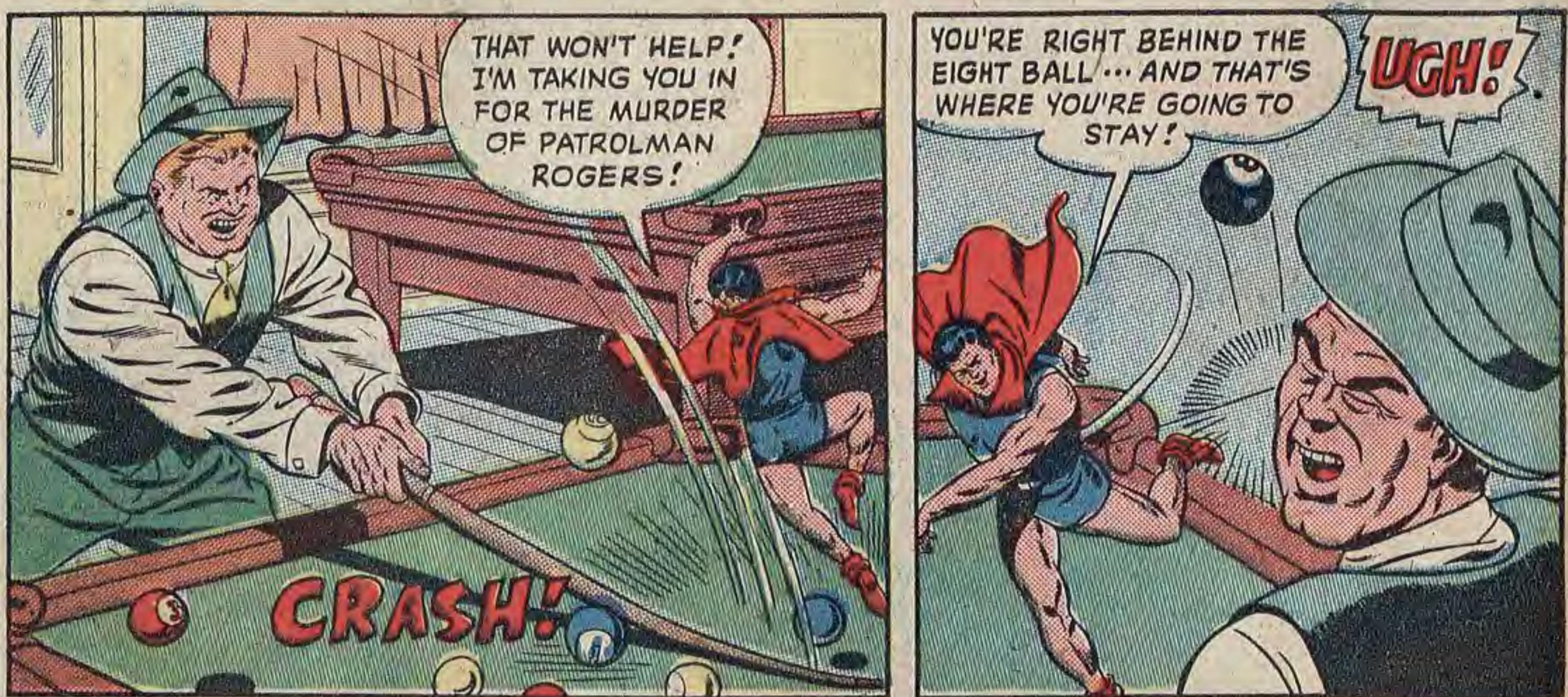
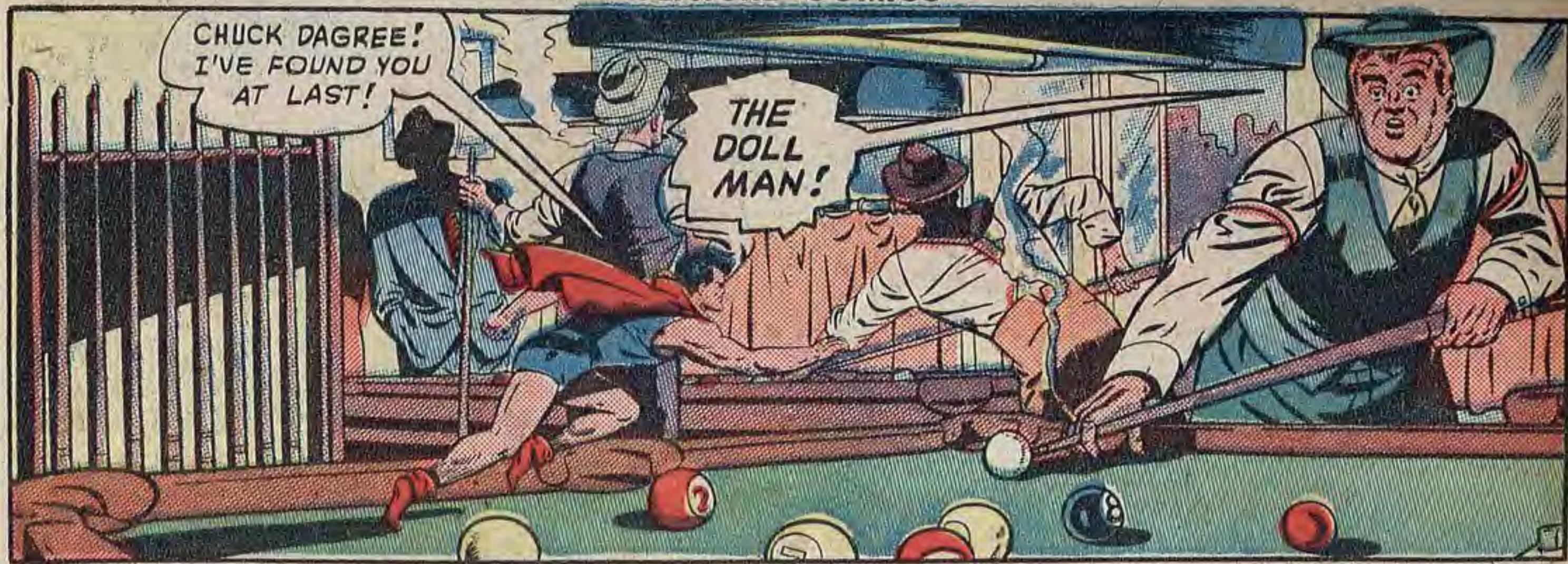
Darrel Dane has the miraculous ability to condense the molecules of his body by an effort of will! Thus he becomes the **DOLL MAN**, the world's mightiest mite!

But one terrible day Darrel Dane suffered an injury that robbed him of his own identity! He fell victim to the medical ailment known as amnesia...and from that moment he could not remember how to become

THE DOLL MAN!



FEATURE COMICS



CRASH!



But when Martha Roberts tells her fiance, Darrel Dane ...

...IT ISN'T THE KIND OF REPORTING JOB A WOMAN SHOULD TACKLE! MEN LIKE RUBY BARUE PLAY FOR KEEPS! IF THEY FOUND OUT YOU WERE SPYING, YOU'D BE IN REAL DANGER!

NONSENSE! I KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER MYSELF!

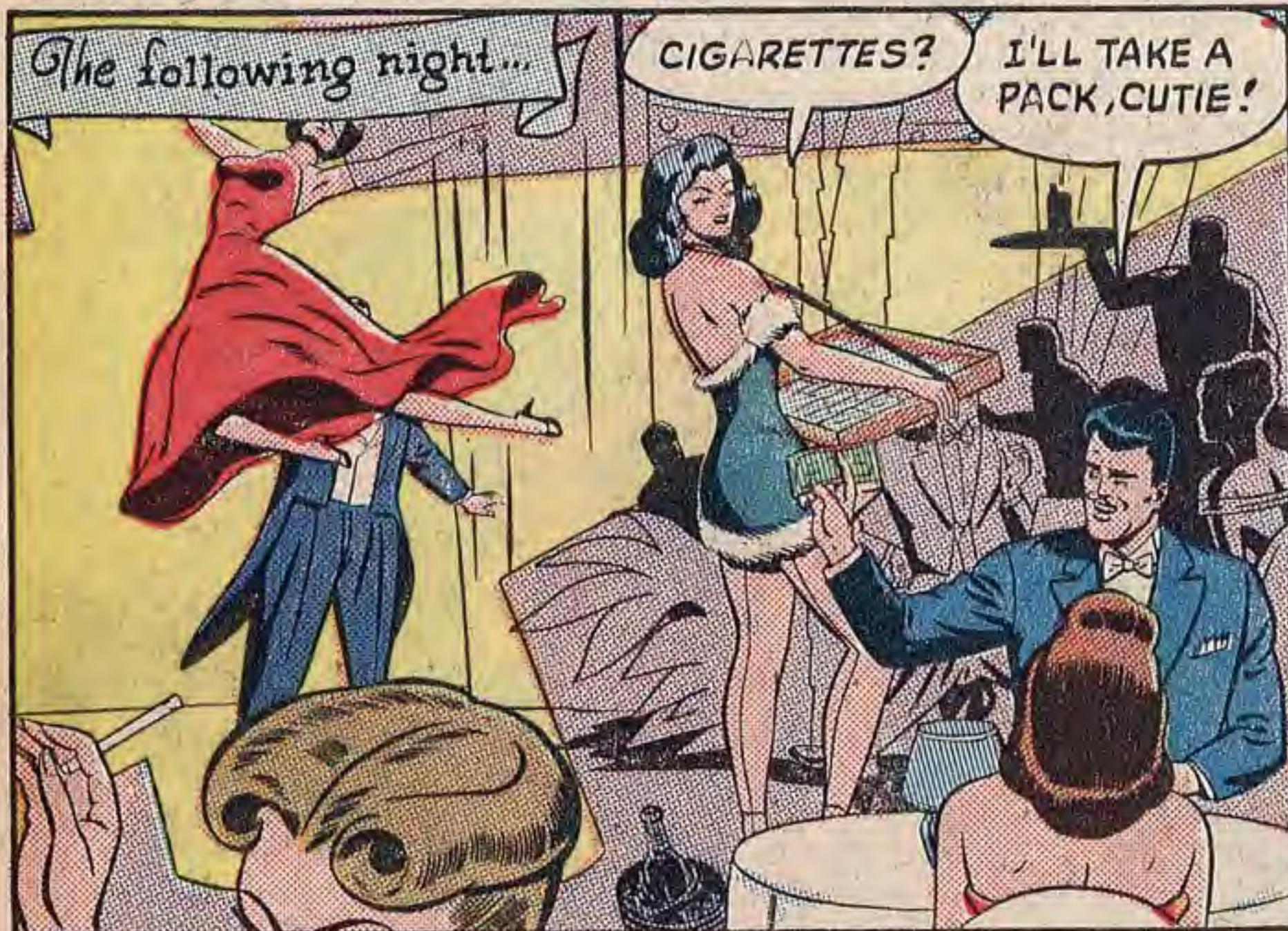
MARTHA DOESN'T REALIZE THE RISKS SHE'S TAKING! BUT THERE'S NO REASONING WITH HER! I'LL JUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE DOLL MAN KEEPS AN EYE ON HER!



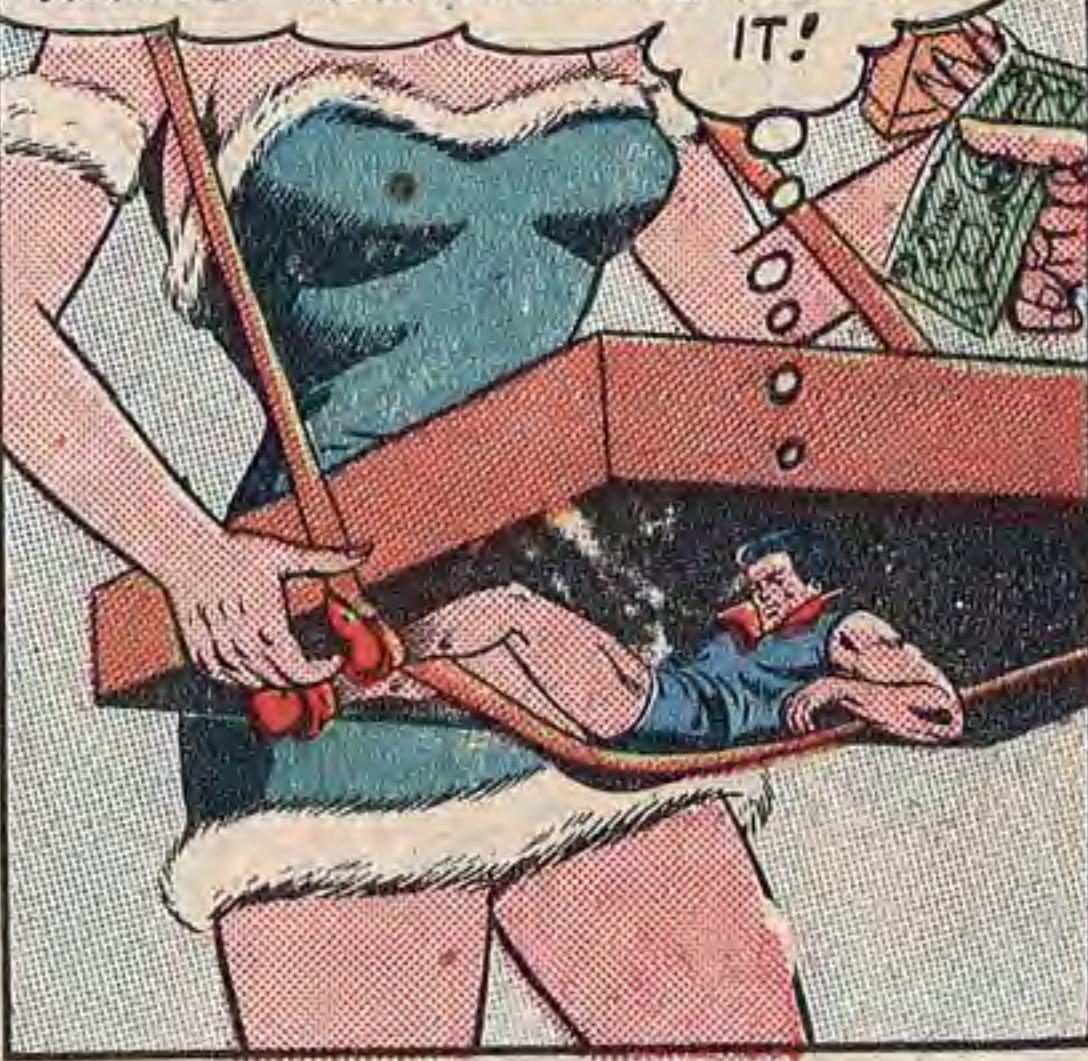
The following night...

CIGARETTES?

I'LL TAKE A PACK, CUTIE!



HIDING UNDER THIS CIGARETTE TRAY ISN'T VERY DIGNIFIED! BUT AT LEAST I CAN BE NEAR MARTHA WITHOUT HER KNOWING ABOUT IT!



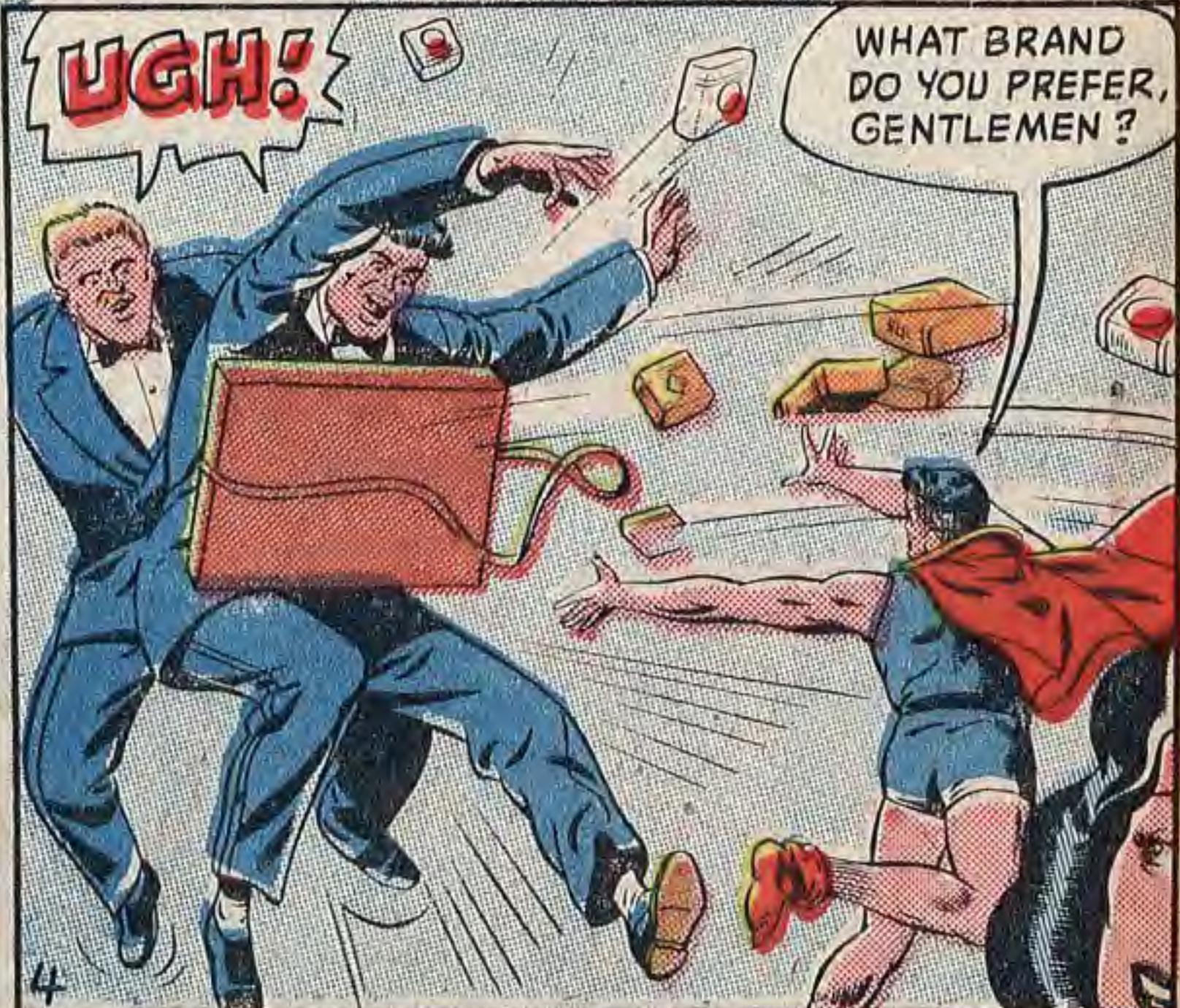
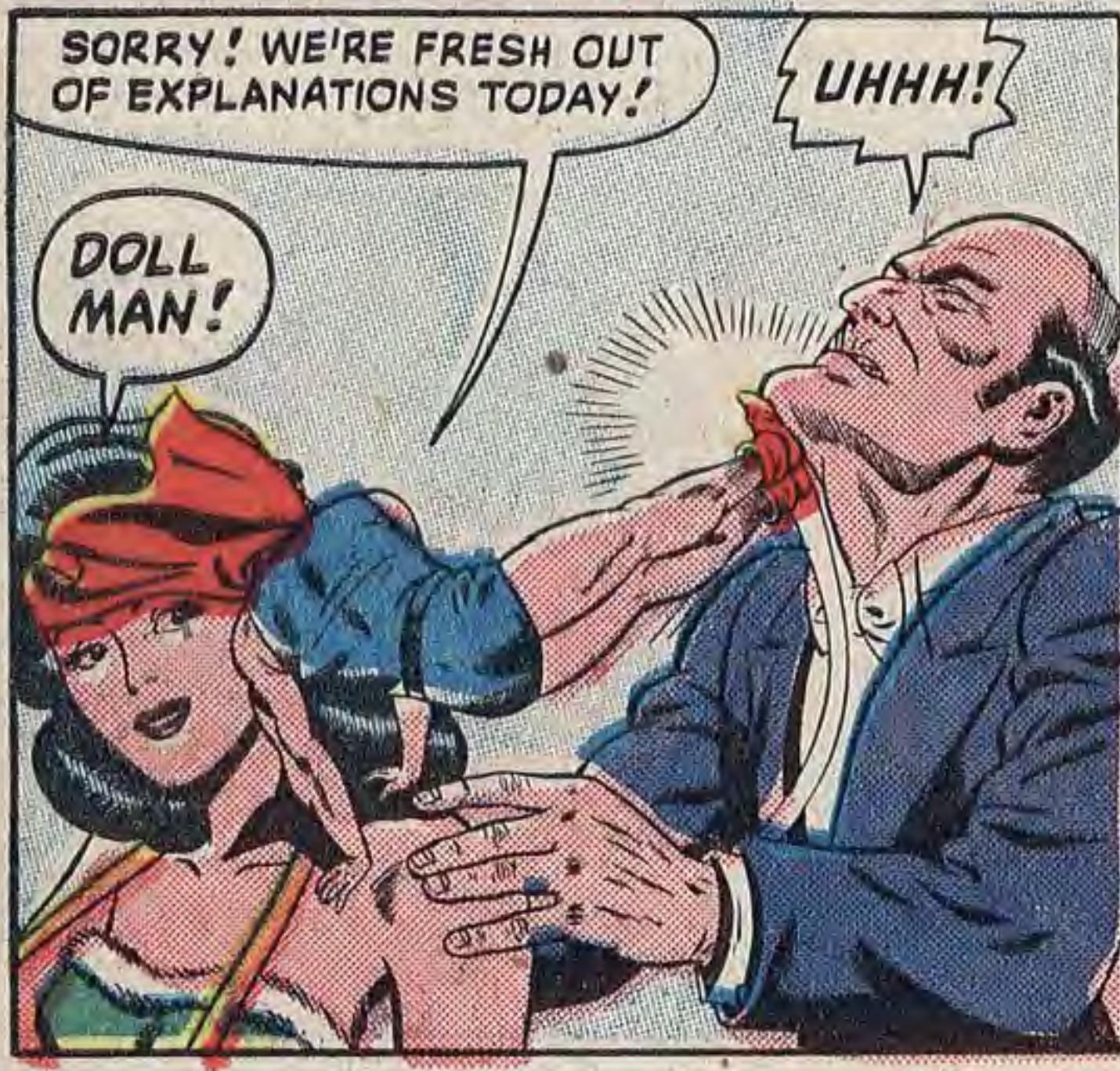
HMM ... THAT MAN WITH RUBY BARUE IS DANNY EDWARDS ... A SMALL-TIME POLITICIAN! THEY'RE GOING INTO HIS PRIVATE OFFICE!

I'LL NEED THIS DRINKING GLASS! AND A FEW MINUTES ALONE IN THE SIDE CORRIDOR! THE WALL THERE ADJOINS RUBY BARUE'S OFFICE!

USING AN INVERTED DRINKING GLASS TO AMPLIFY SOUND IS AN OLD F.B.I. TRICK! I CAN HEAR WHAT'S BEING SAID IN RUBY BARUE'S OFFICE!



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THERE'LL BE MORE TOUGH GUYS MESSING AROUND HERE IN A MINUTE! THIS EXIT IS AS GOOD AS ANY!

I WISH I'D NEVER GOT US INTO THIS MESS!

By an effort of will, the Doll Man returns himself to the full-sized figure of Darrel Dane...

THERE AREN'T MANY OCCASIONS WHEN I'M NEEDED BY THE DOLL MAN!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! I'LL GO FIRST!

BUT THIS IS ONE OF THEM! JUMP, MARTHA!

THANK GOODNESS! I WAS AFRAID YOU EXPECTED ME TO JUMP INTO THE DOLL MAN'S ARMS!

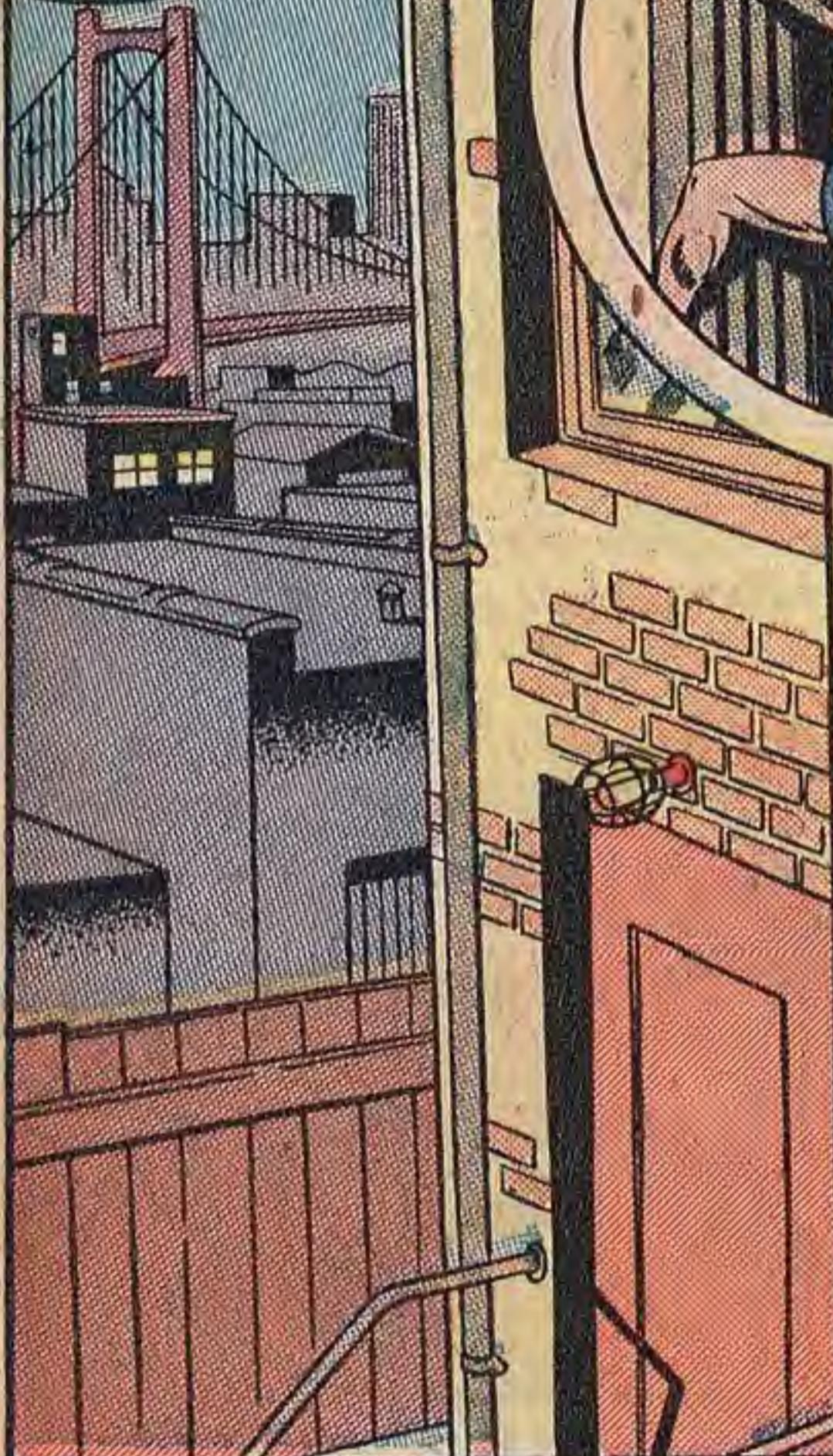
LET'S GO... BEFORE RUBY BARUE'S THUGS CLOSE OFF OUR ESCAPE!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, CHUM!

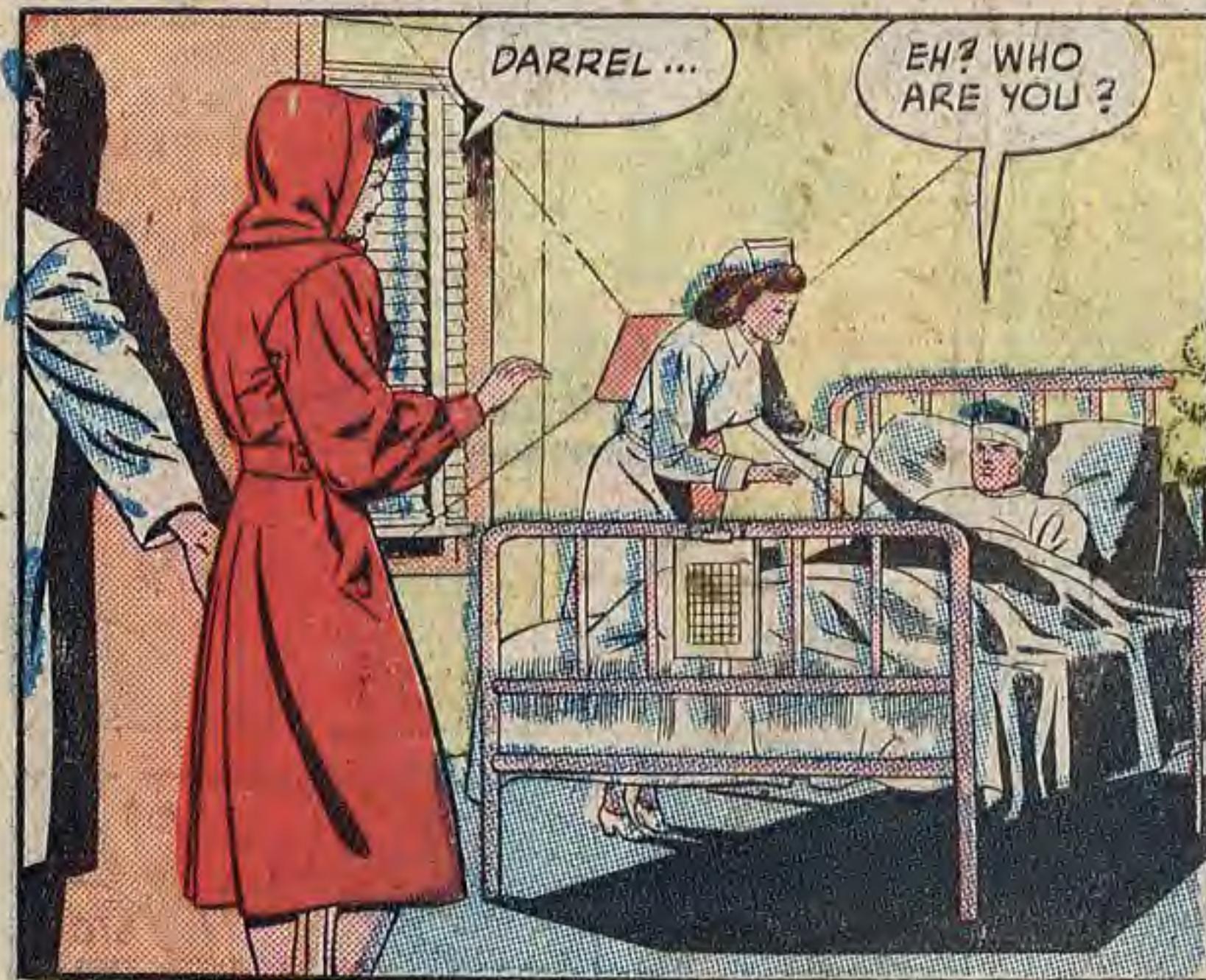
GEEE! HELP!

WHACK!

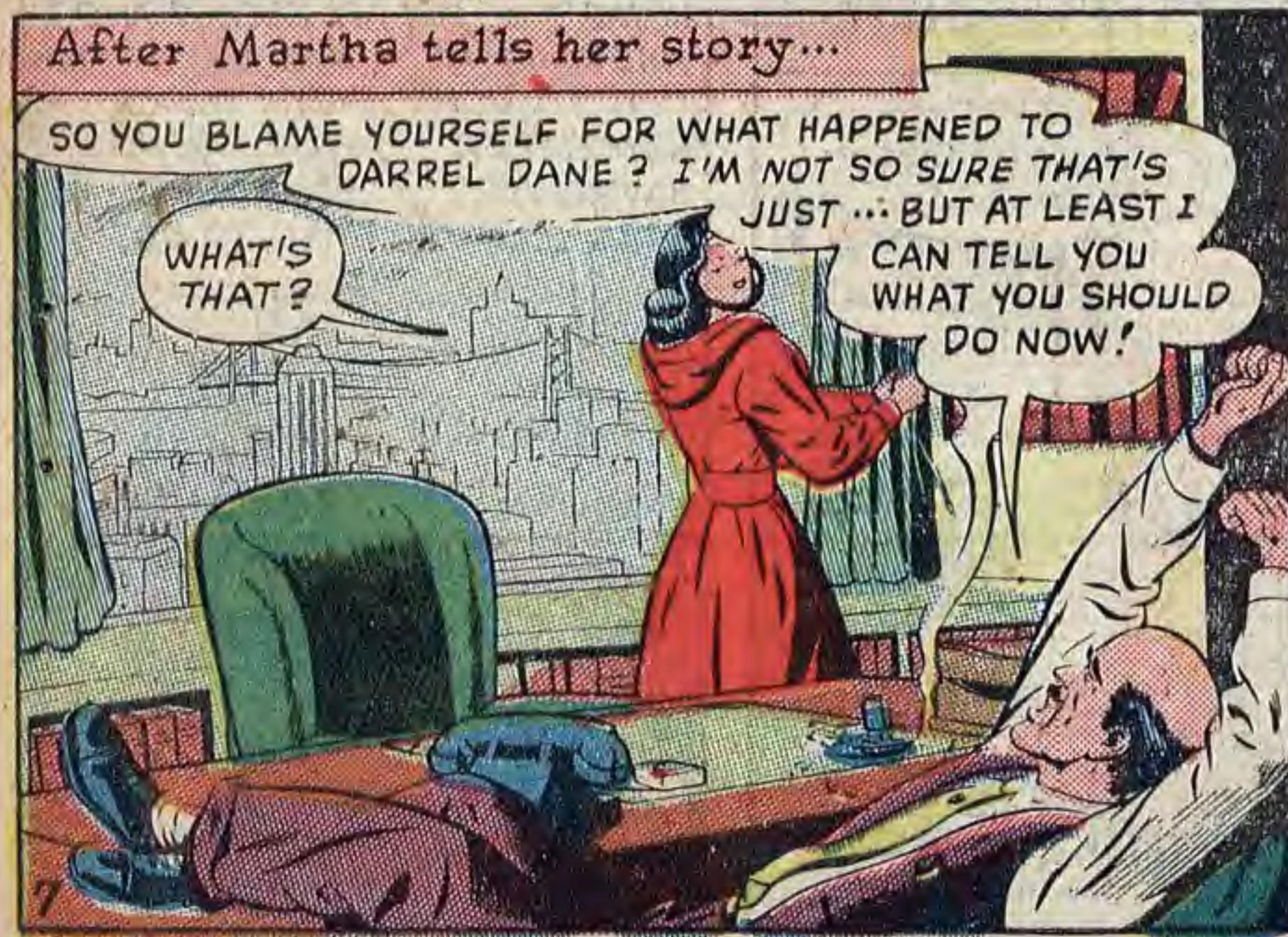
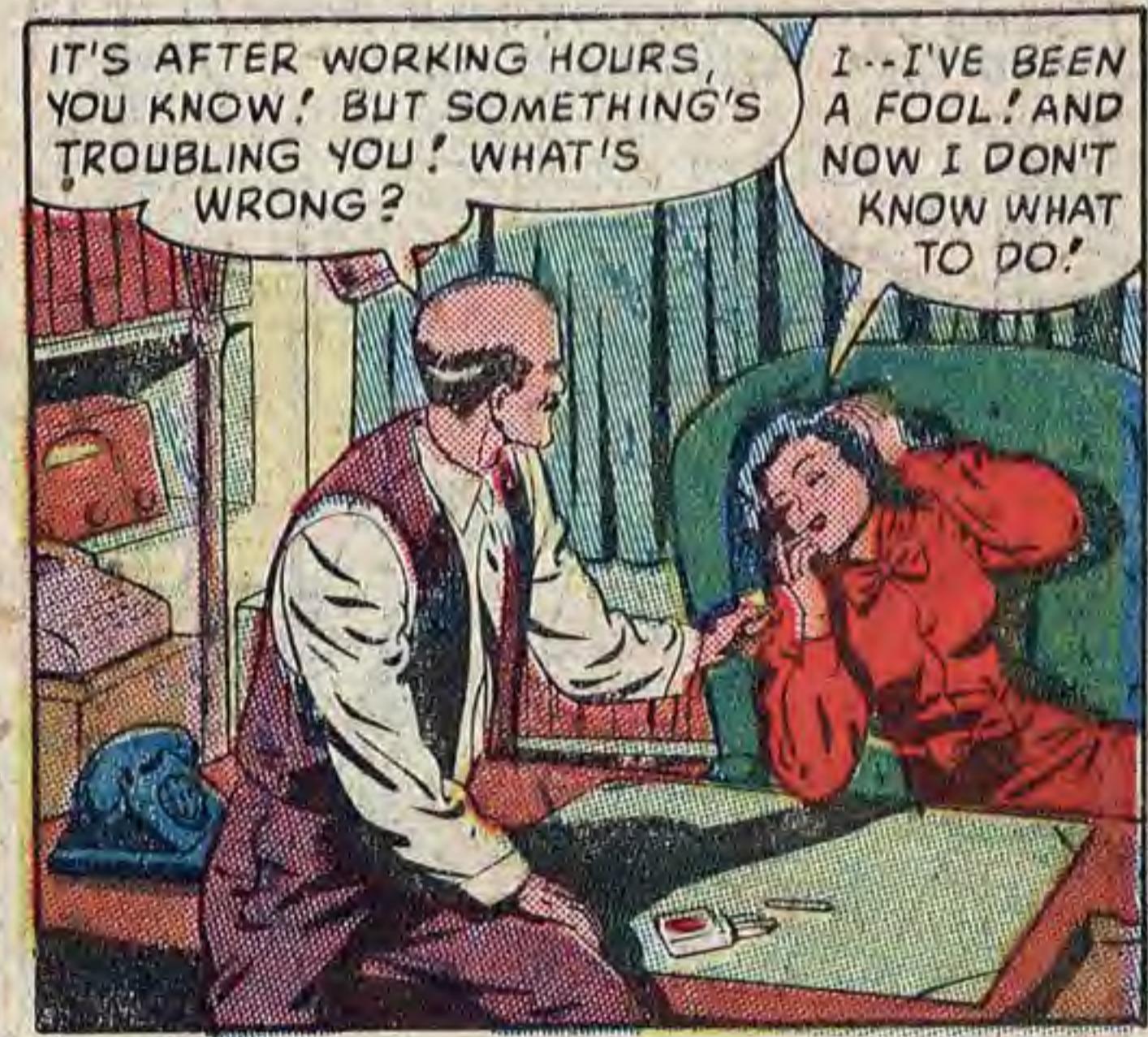
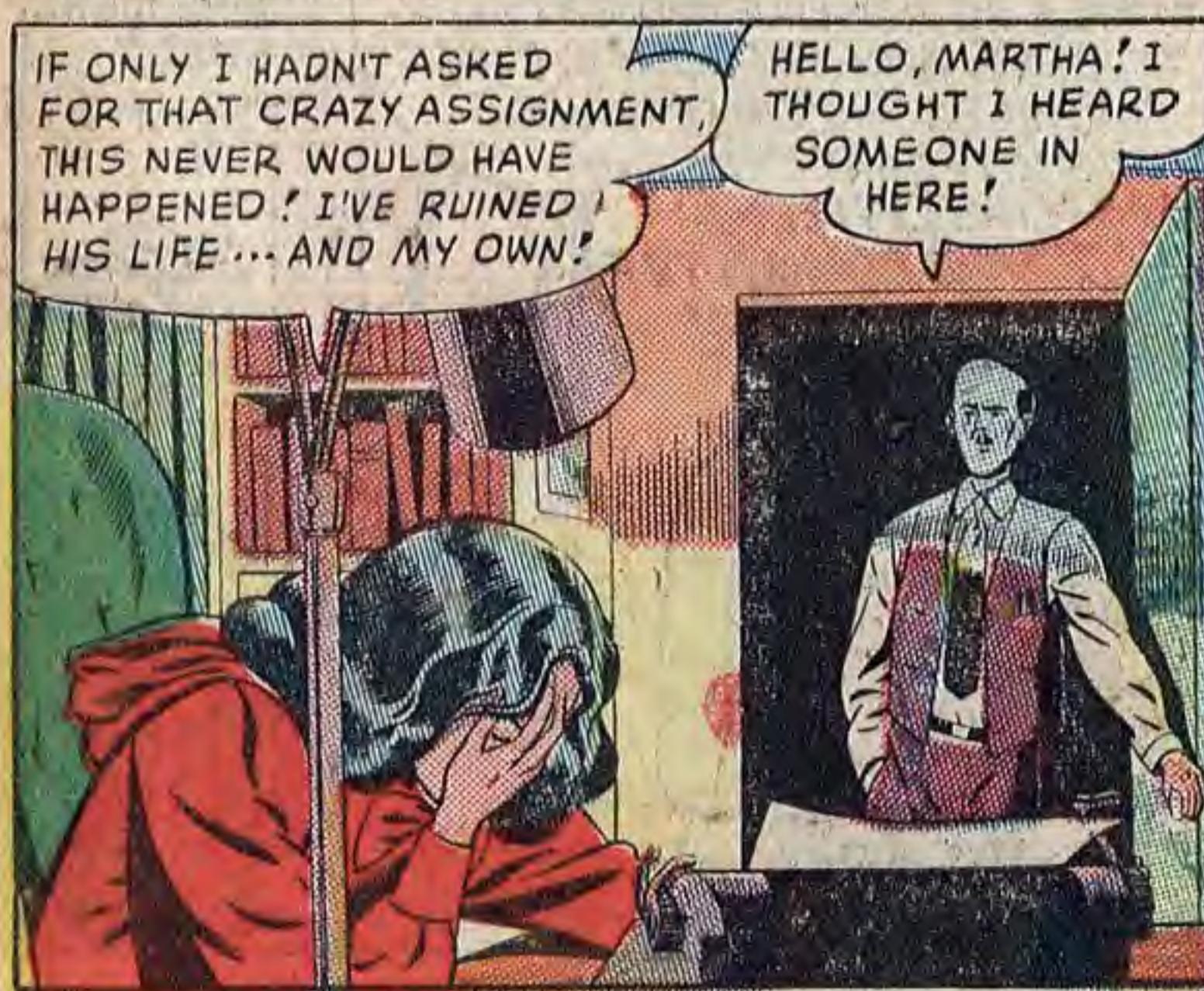
STOP THAT YELPING OR I'LL...
COPS!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

In the following weeks, Martha Roberts' special features wage a headline war on gangdom!



And at last, in a certain richly furnished office...

I TELL YOU, BOSS, THIS GIRL IS MAKING TROUBLE! SHE'S NAMING NAMES! RUBY'S ALREADY IN JAIL! AND DANNY EDWARDS IS UNDER INDICTMENT!



THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN! ONLY SIMPLE FOOLS LIKE YOU GET INTO TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE, CHUCK DAGREE! THEY WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT THE HEAD OF THE CITIZENS' WELFARE COMMITTEE IS YOUR LEADER!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!



I'M ALWAYS RIGHT! BUT I AGREE THAT MARTHA ROBERTS IS PROVING AN ANNOYANCE! HER DEATH WILL BE ARRANGED FOR! A CONVENIENT "ACCIDENT," THAT WILL AROUSE NO ONE'S SUSPICIONS!

Next day, at the hospital...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

YOU'RE GOING HOME, DARREL... WITH ME!

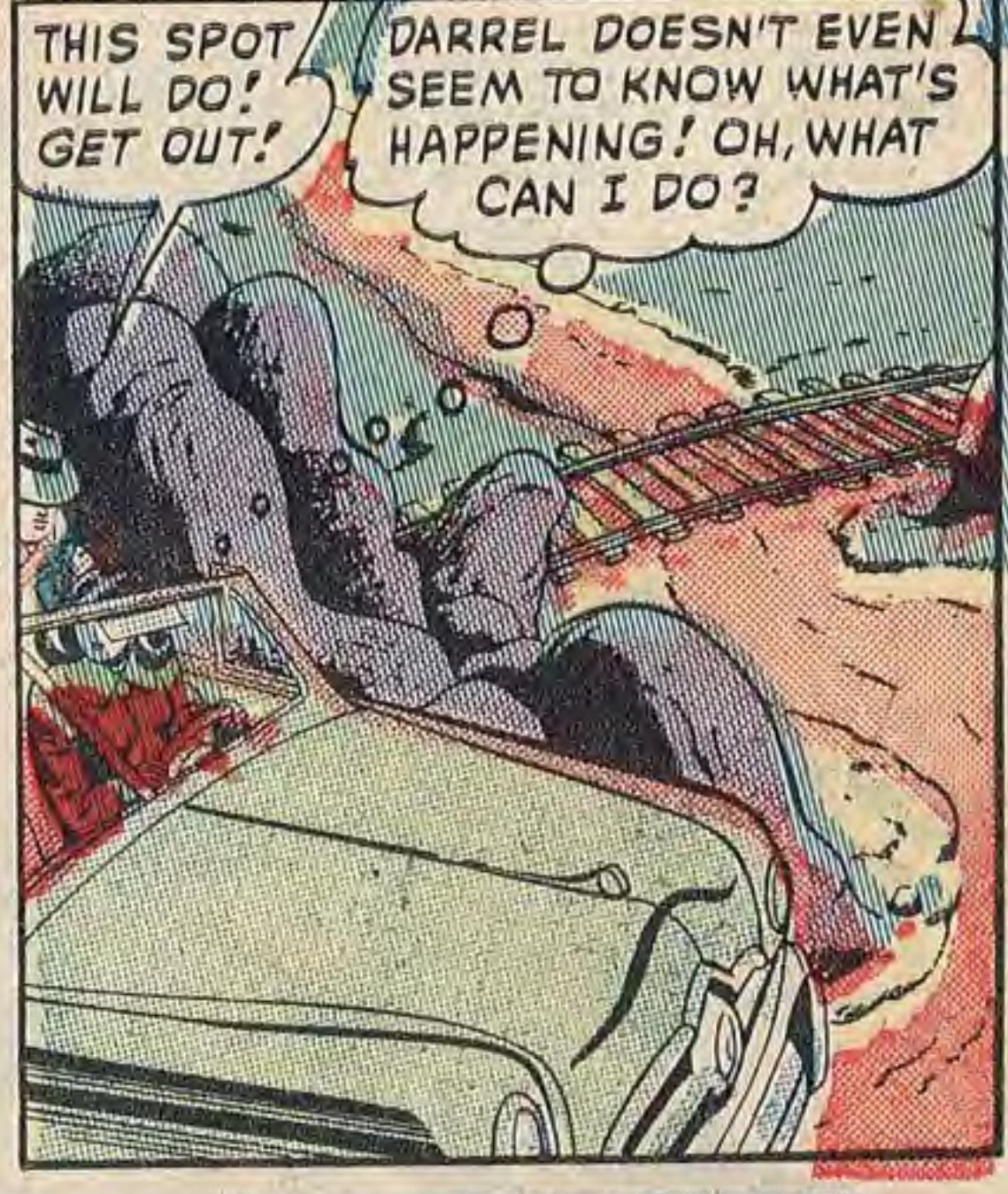


HOME? WHERE IS THAT? I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING ANY!

MY FATHER AND I WILL LOOK AFTER YOU! WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS! LEAVE EVERYTHING TO US!



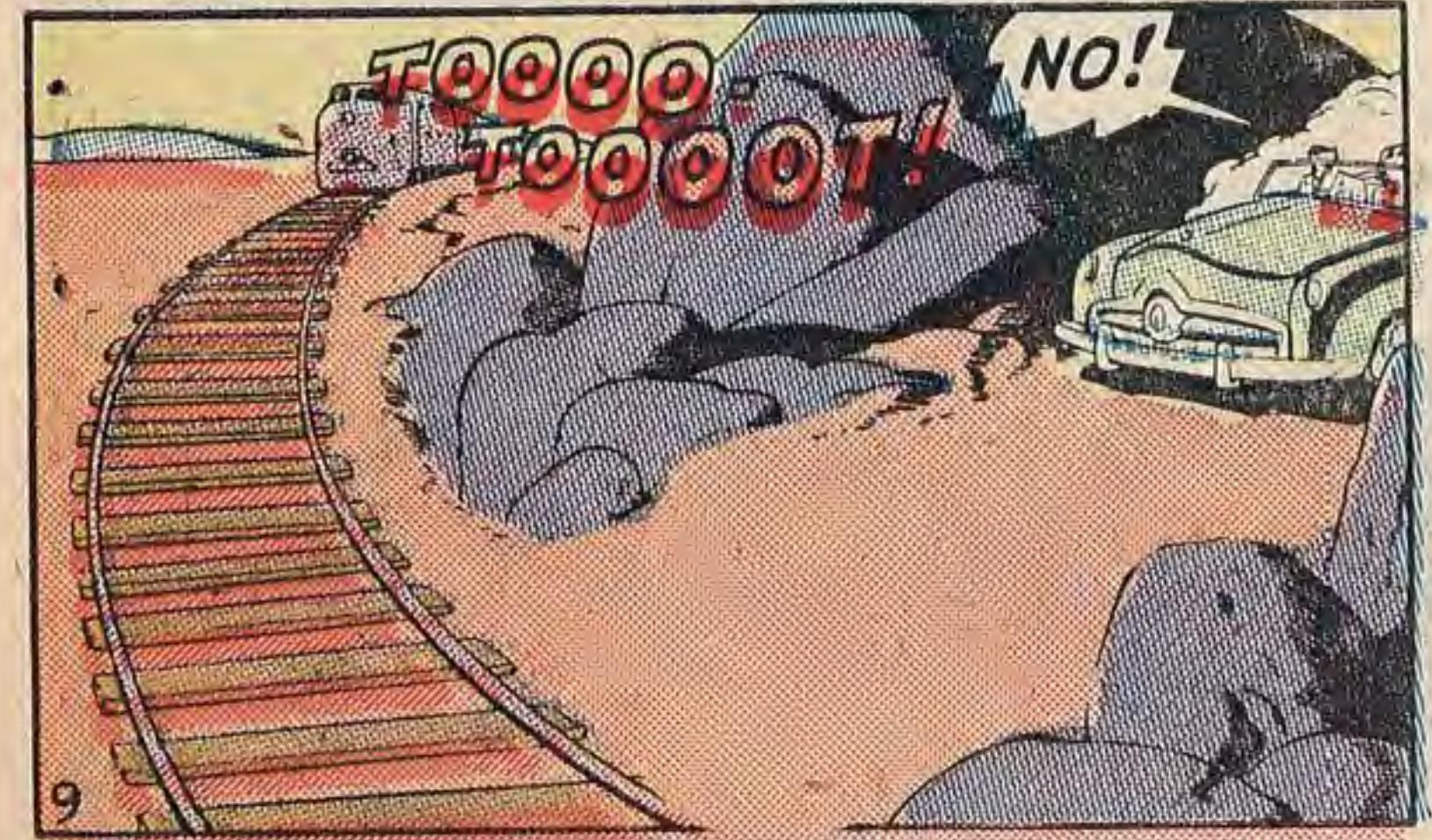
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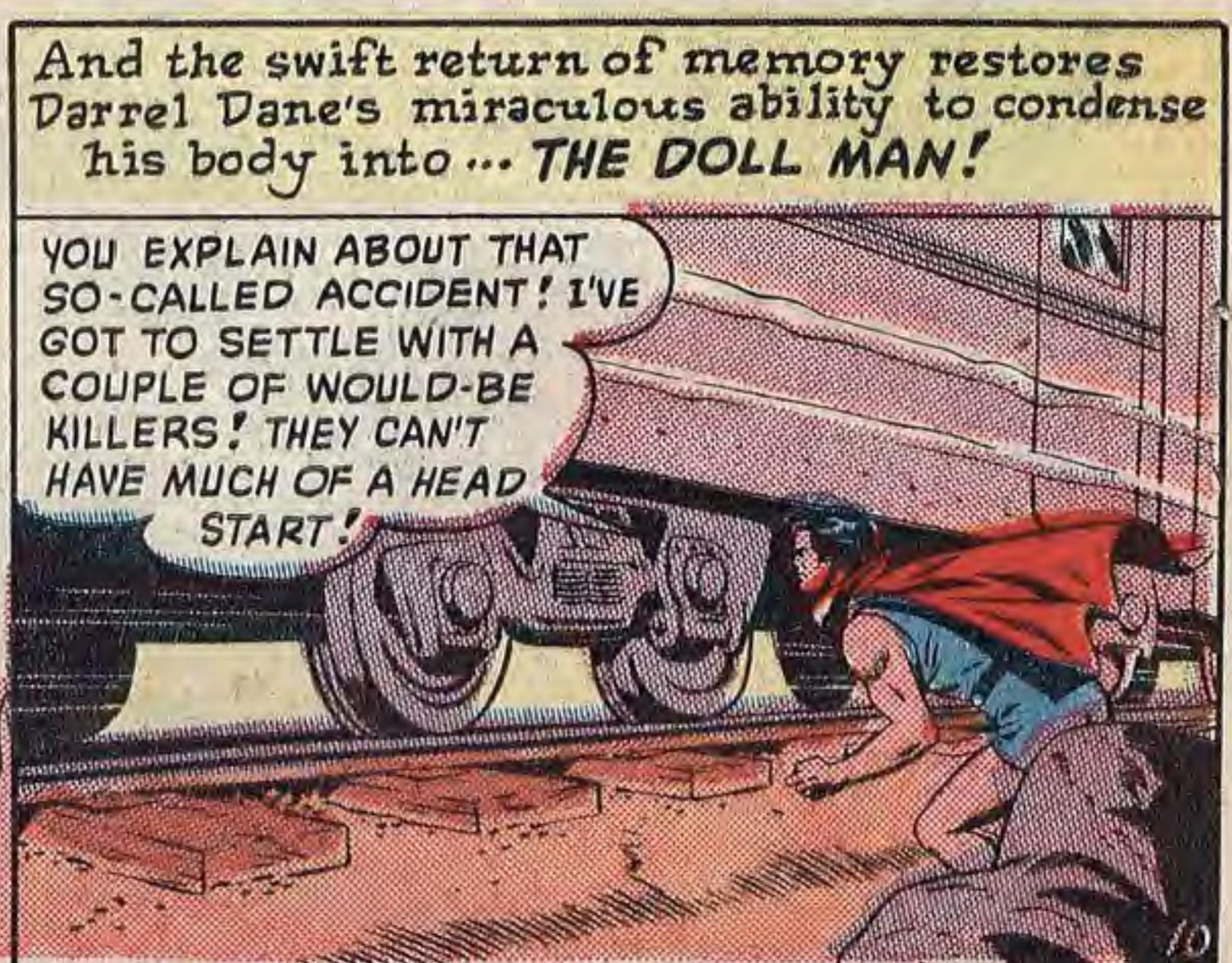
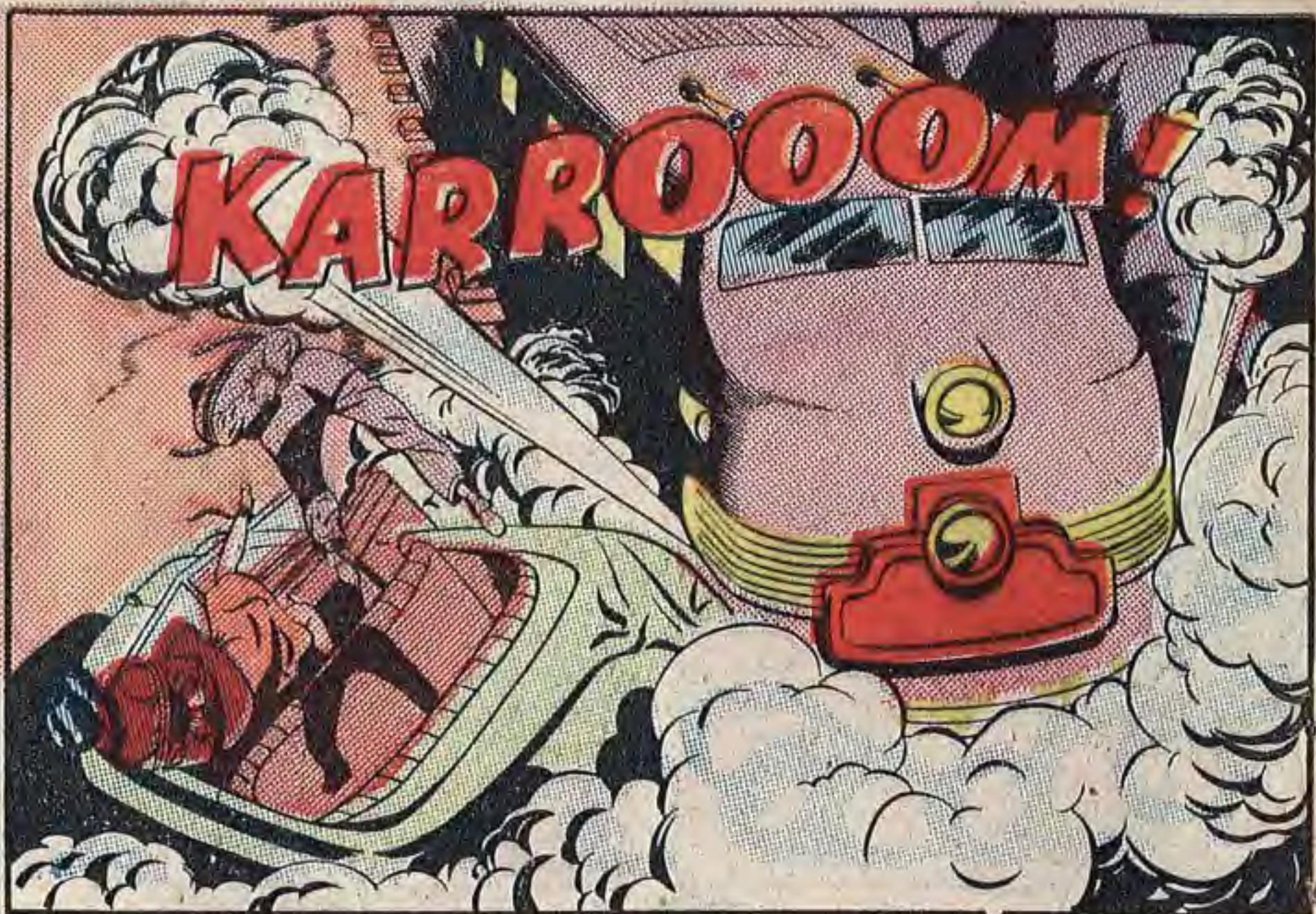


YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
THEY'LL KNOW IT'S MURDER!

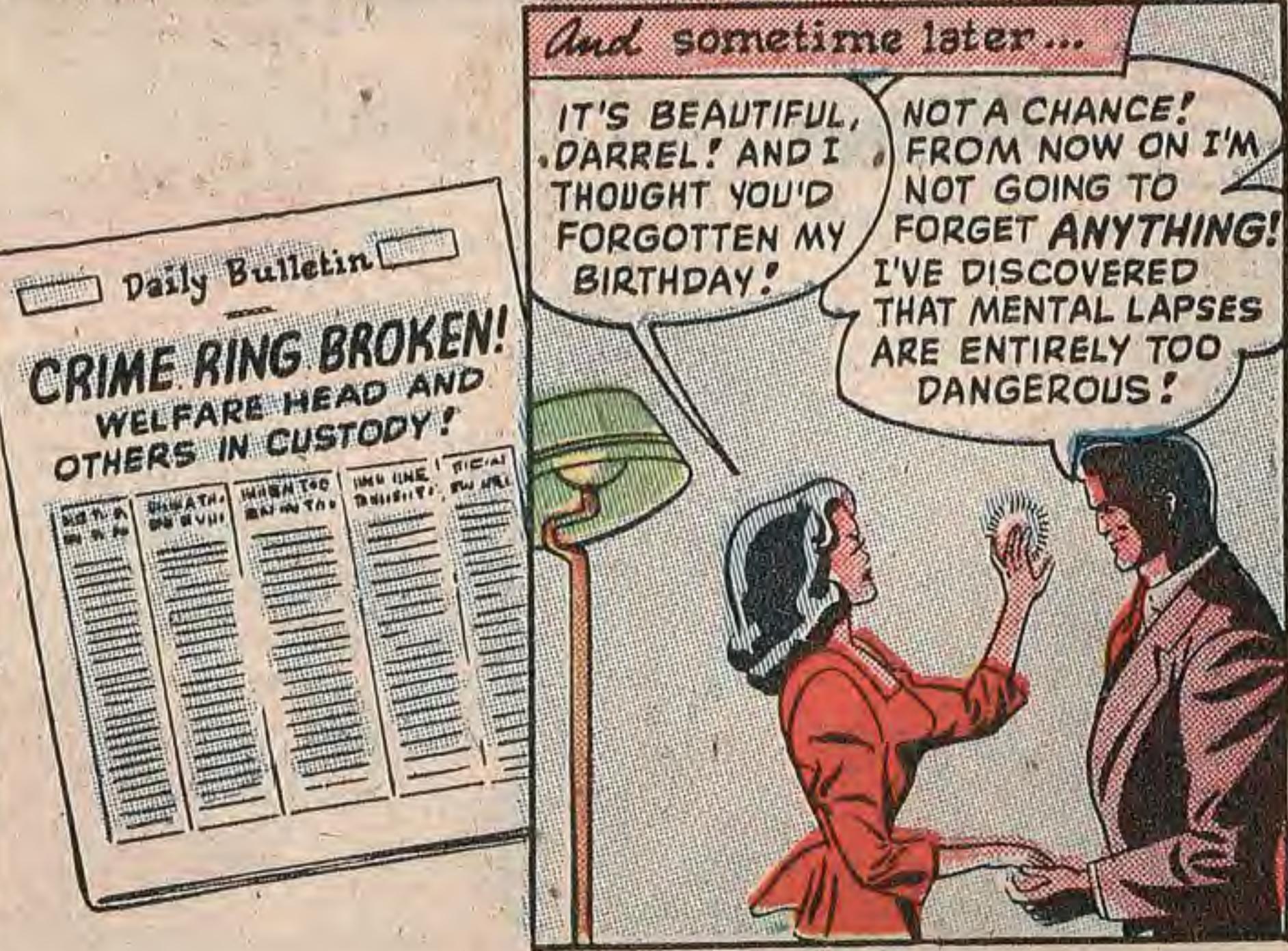
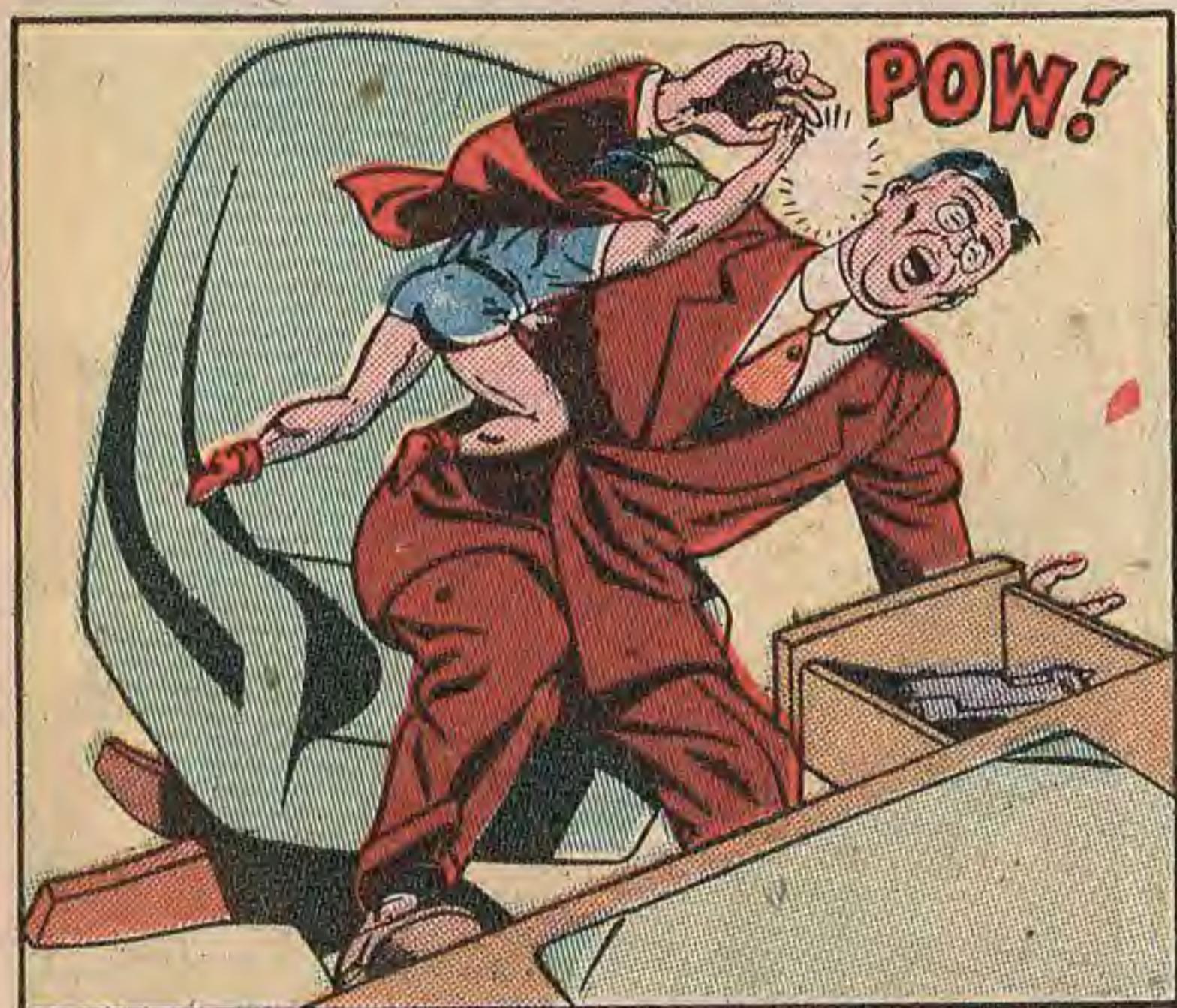
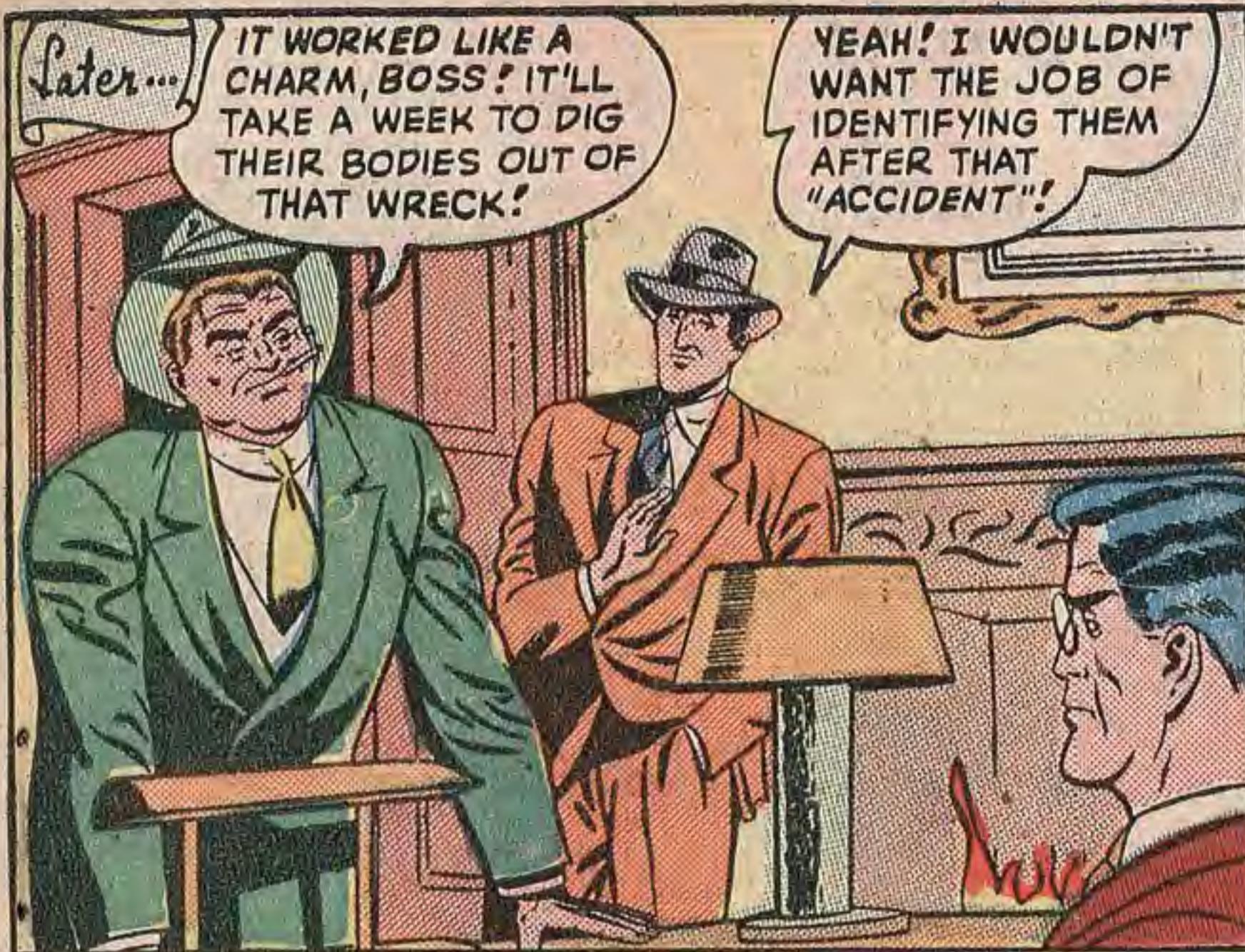


TOOOOOOT-
TOOOOOOT!





FEATURE COMICS



BIG TOP

YOU REALLY
THINK YOU CAN
TRAIN THE
ANIMAL TO
ACT HUMAN,
EH?

BOSS, I'M
POSITIVE I
CAN!

IN TWO MONTHS I'LL
HAVE THAT CHIMP AS
SMART AS
I AM!

I'LL GIVE YOU THE
SMARTEST CHIMP
IN ANY CIRCUS...
IT'S MERELY A
QUESTION OF
ASSOCIATION
AND IMITATION...
THAT'S ALL!

URK!

IN THAT CASE HE'D
BE LOSING GROUND,
BUT GO AHEAD,
ANYWAY!

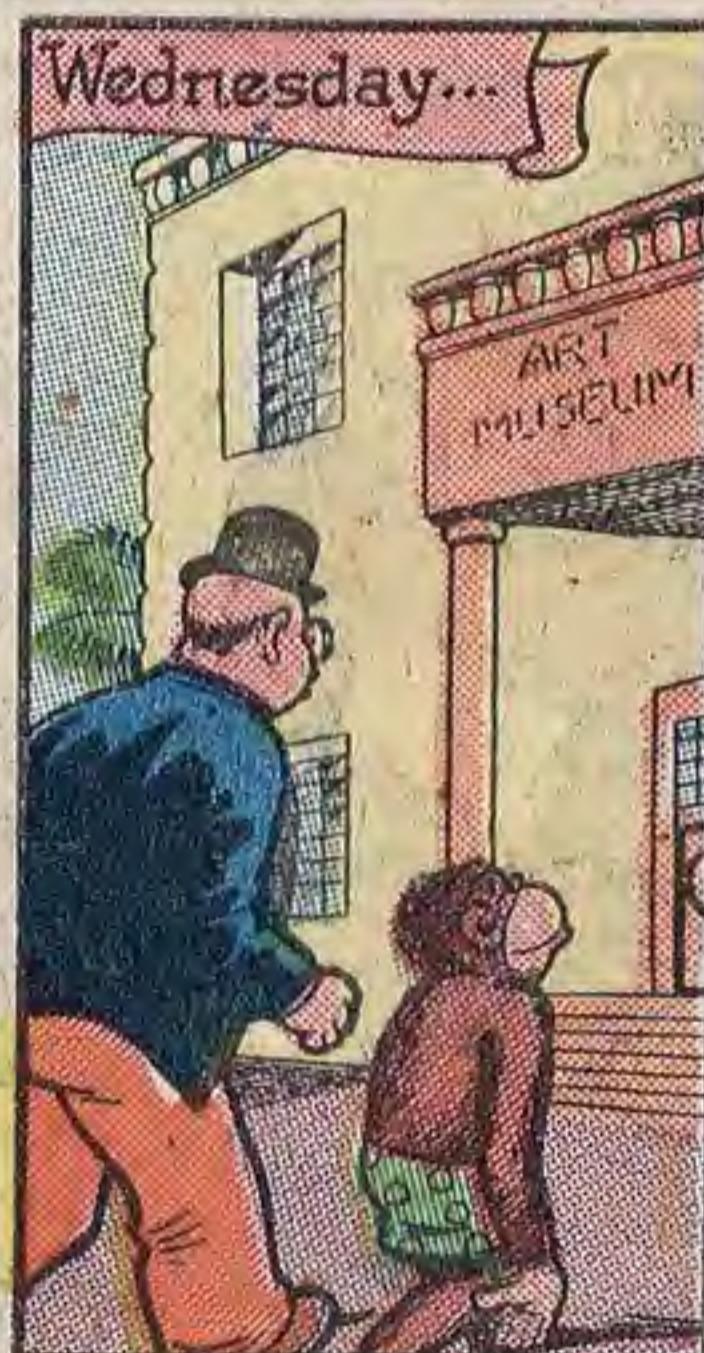
WELL,
GO TO
IT!

Monday...

Tuesday...

Wednesday...

Thursday...



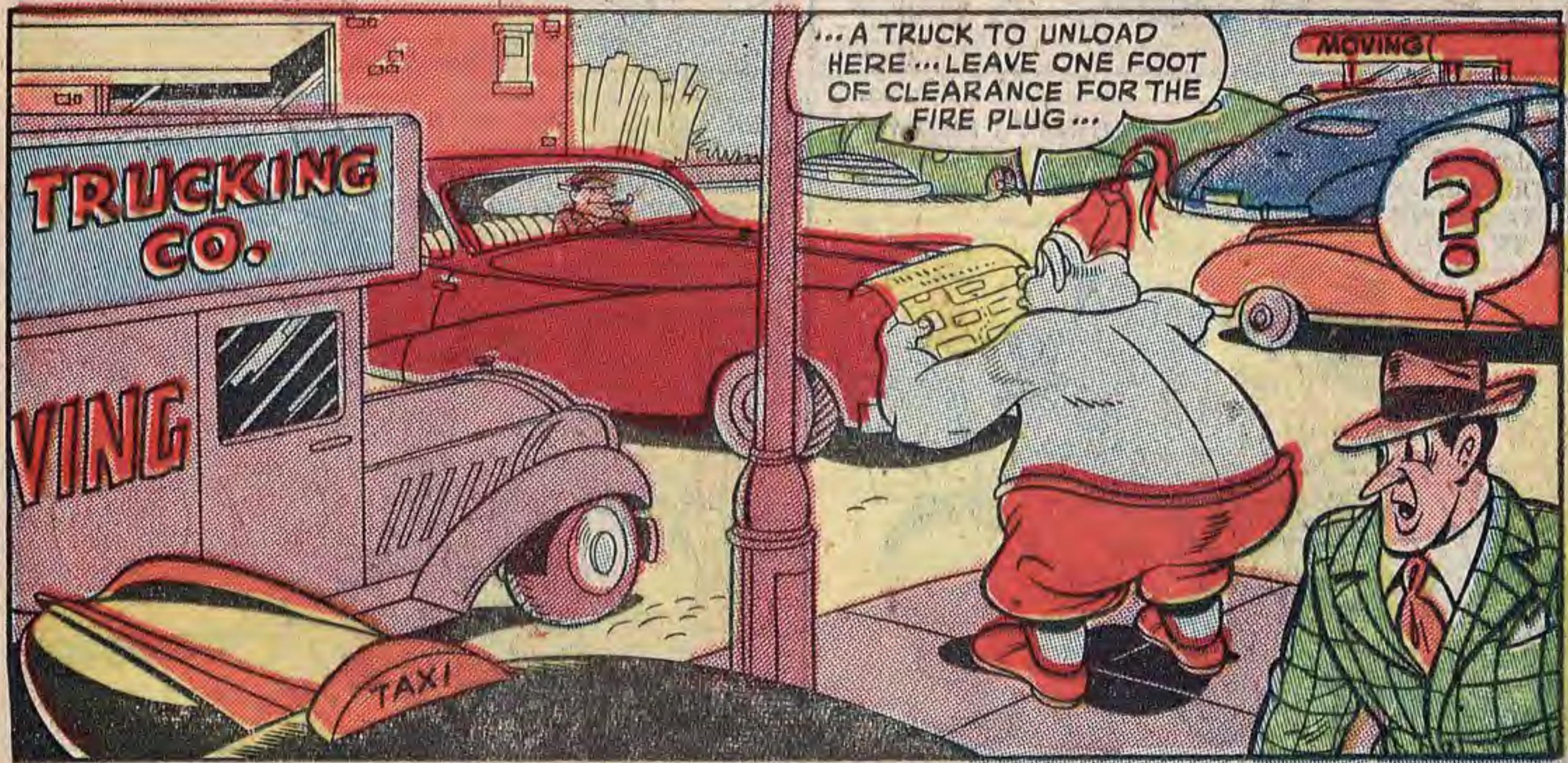
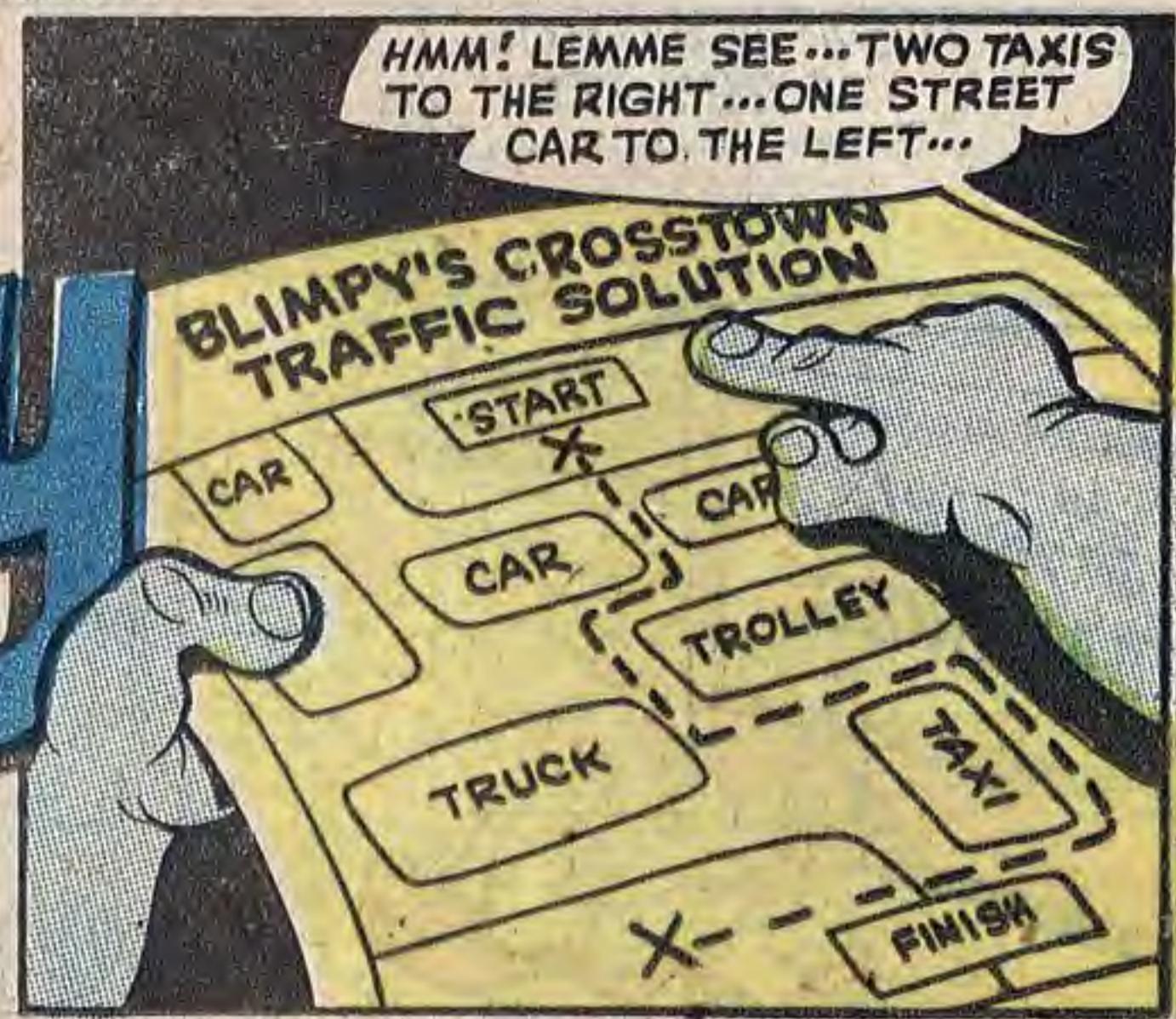
Friday...

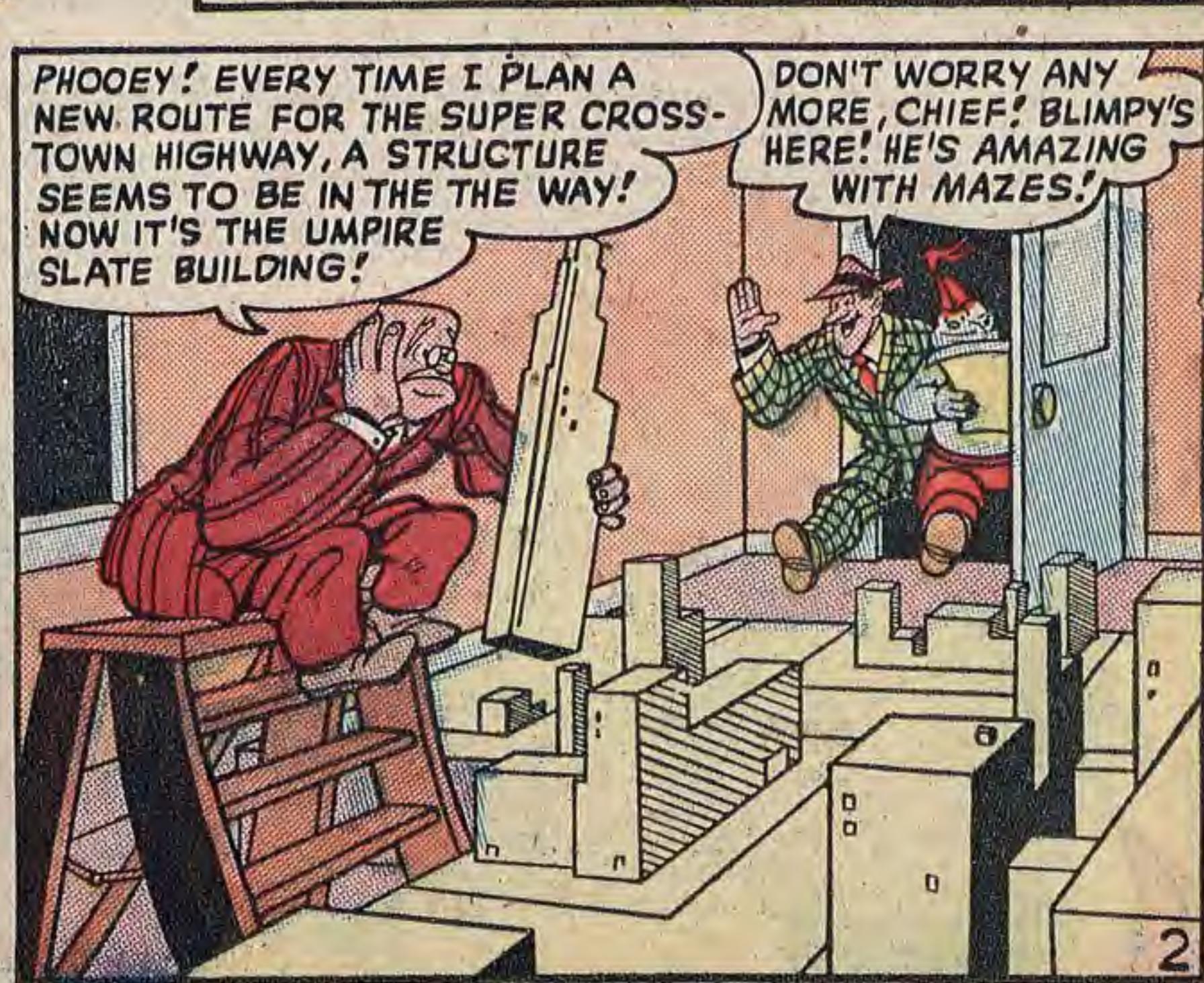
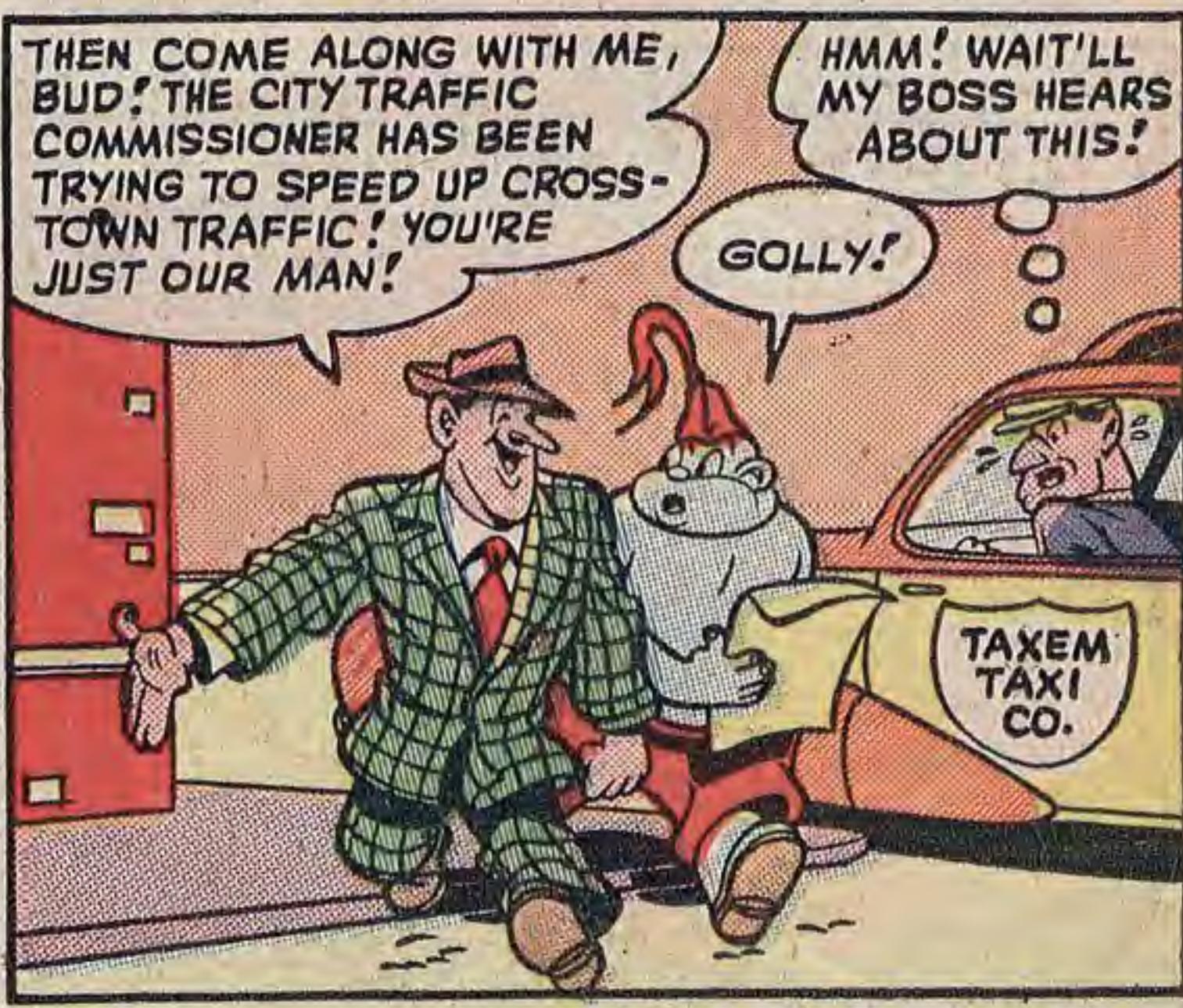
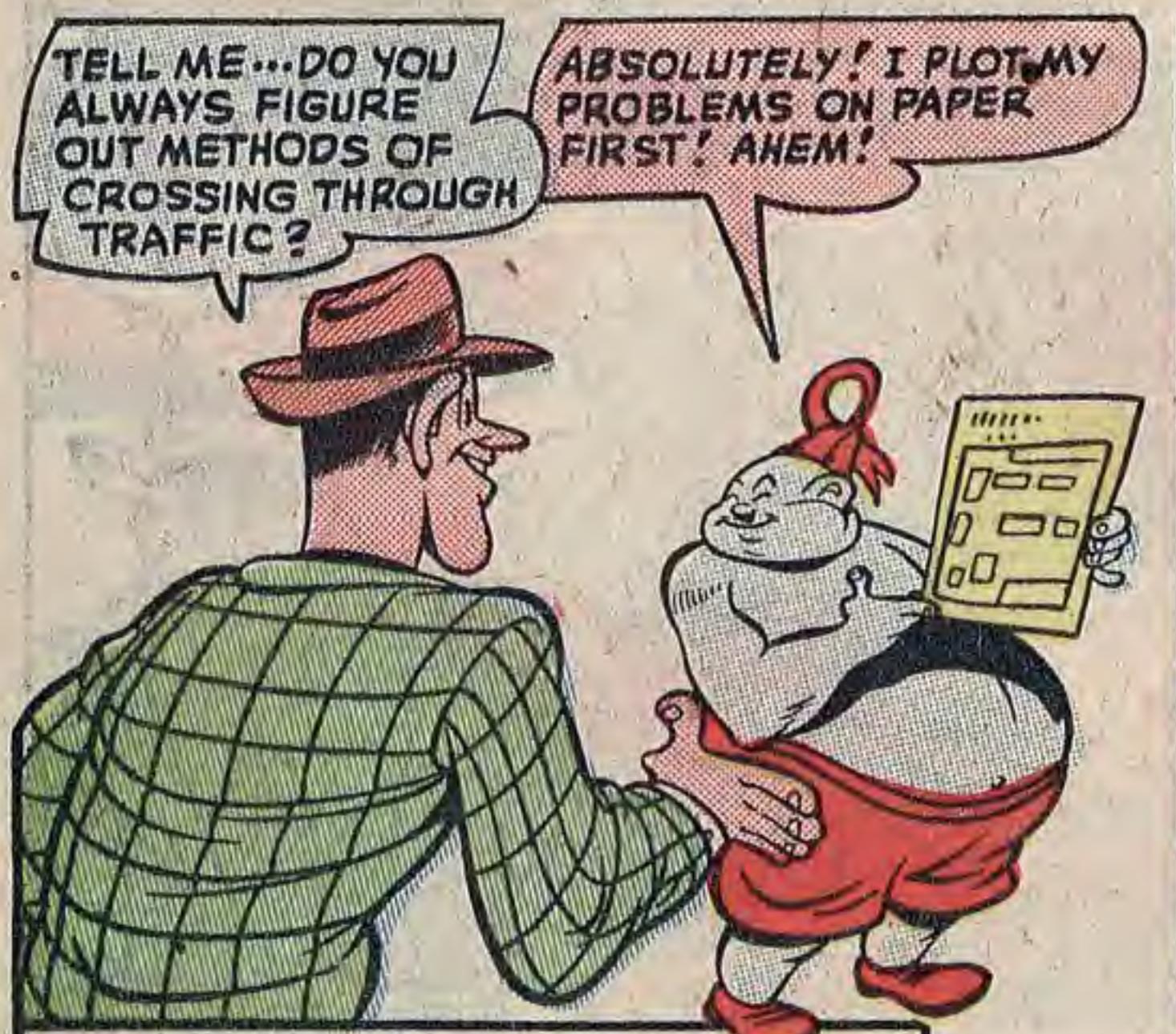
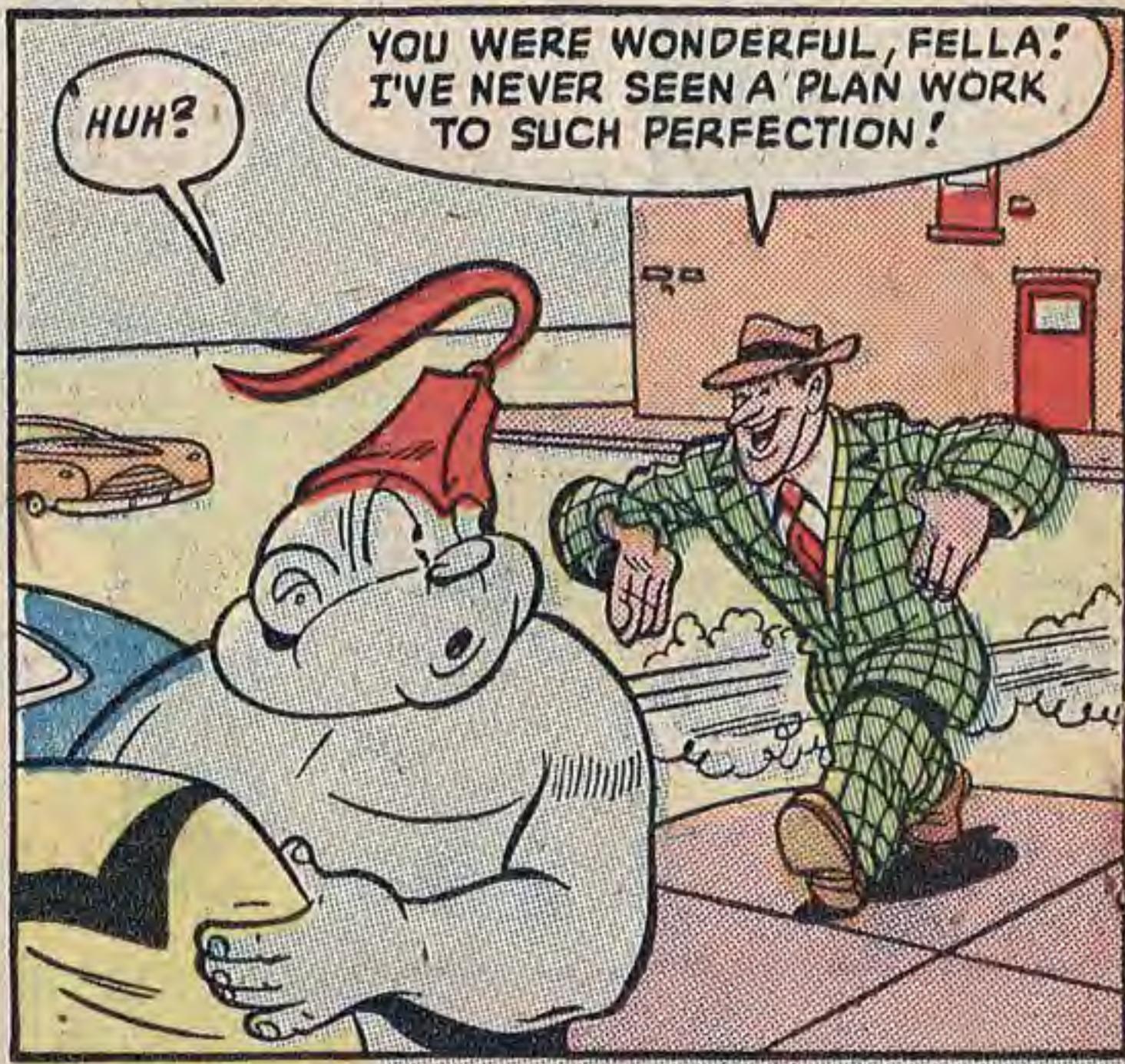
HI, BUTCH!
ANY PROGRESS
SO FAR?

FINE,
BOSS...
GREAT
PROGRESS!



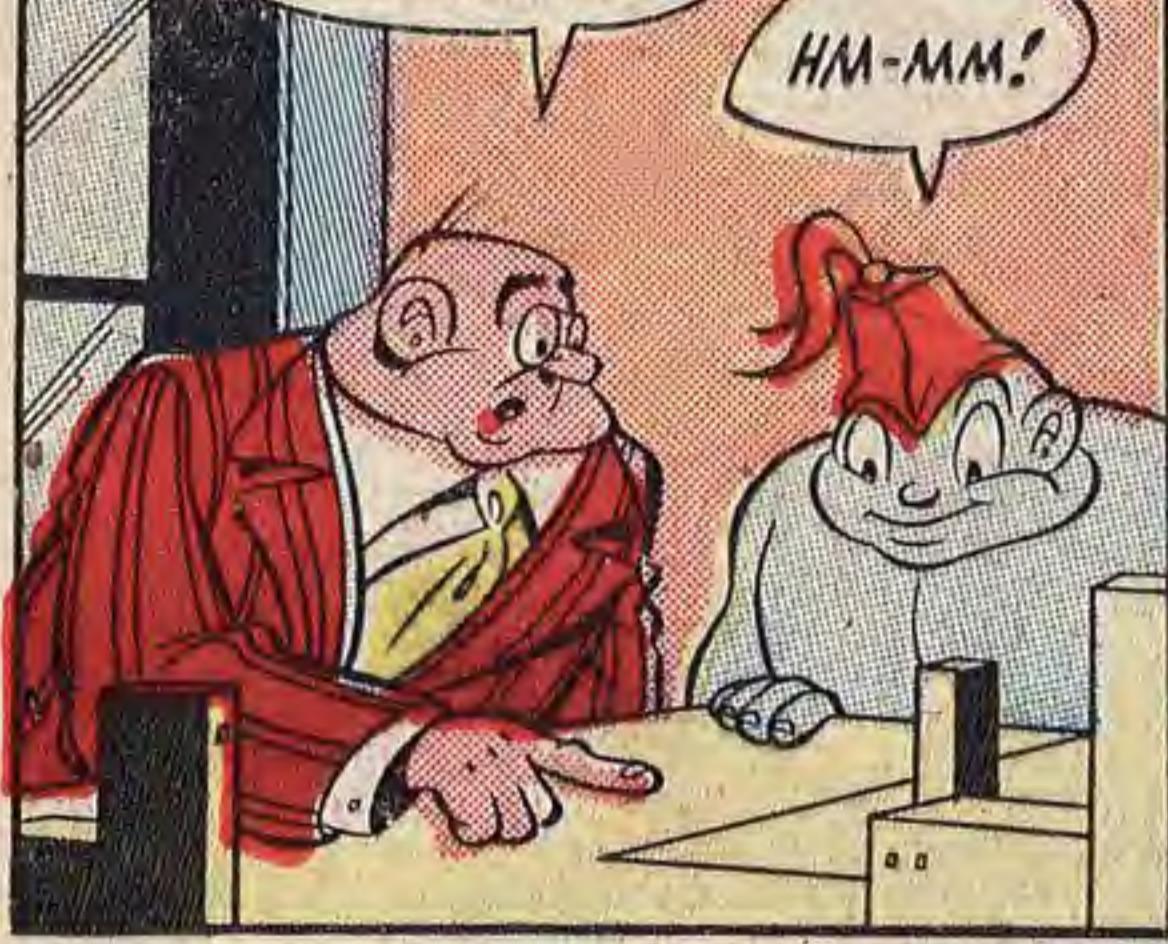
BLIMPY



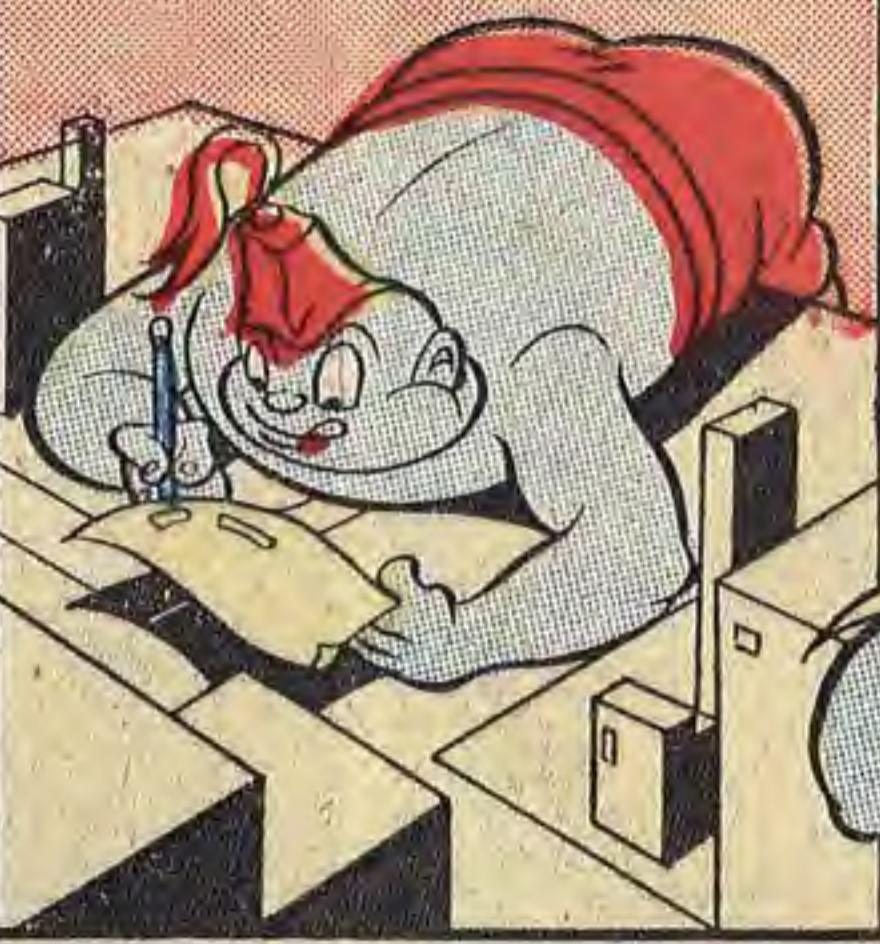


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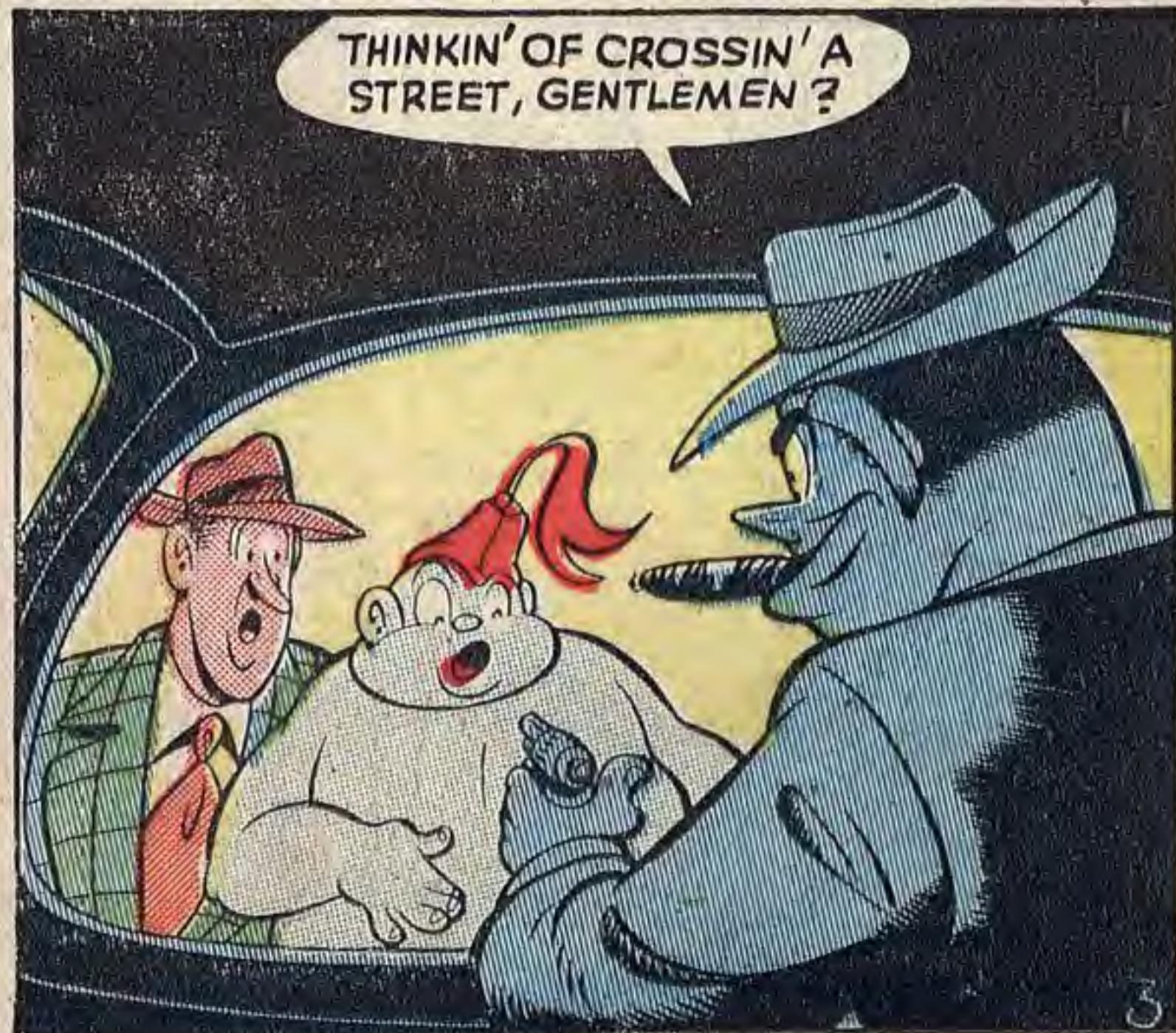
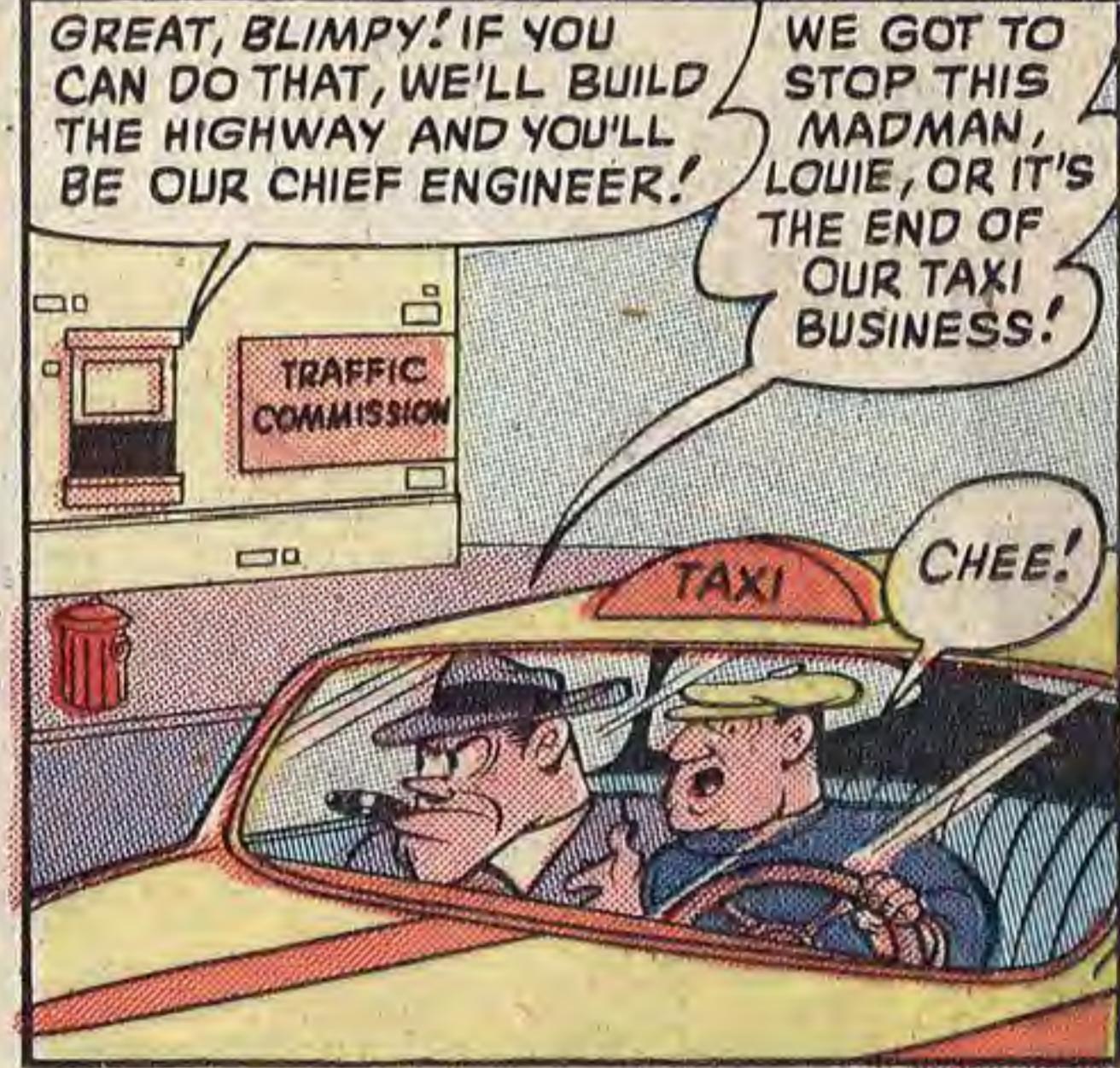
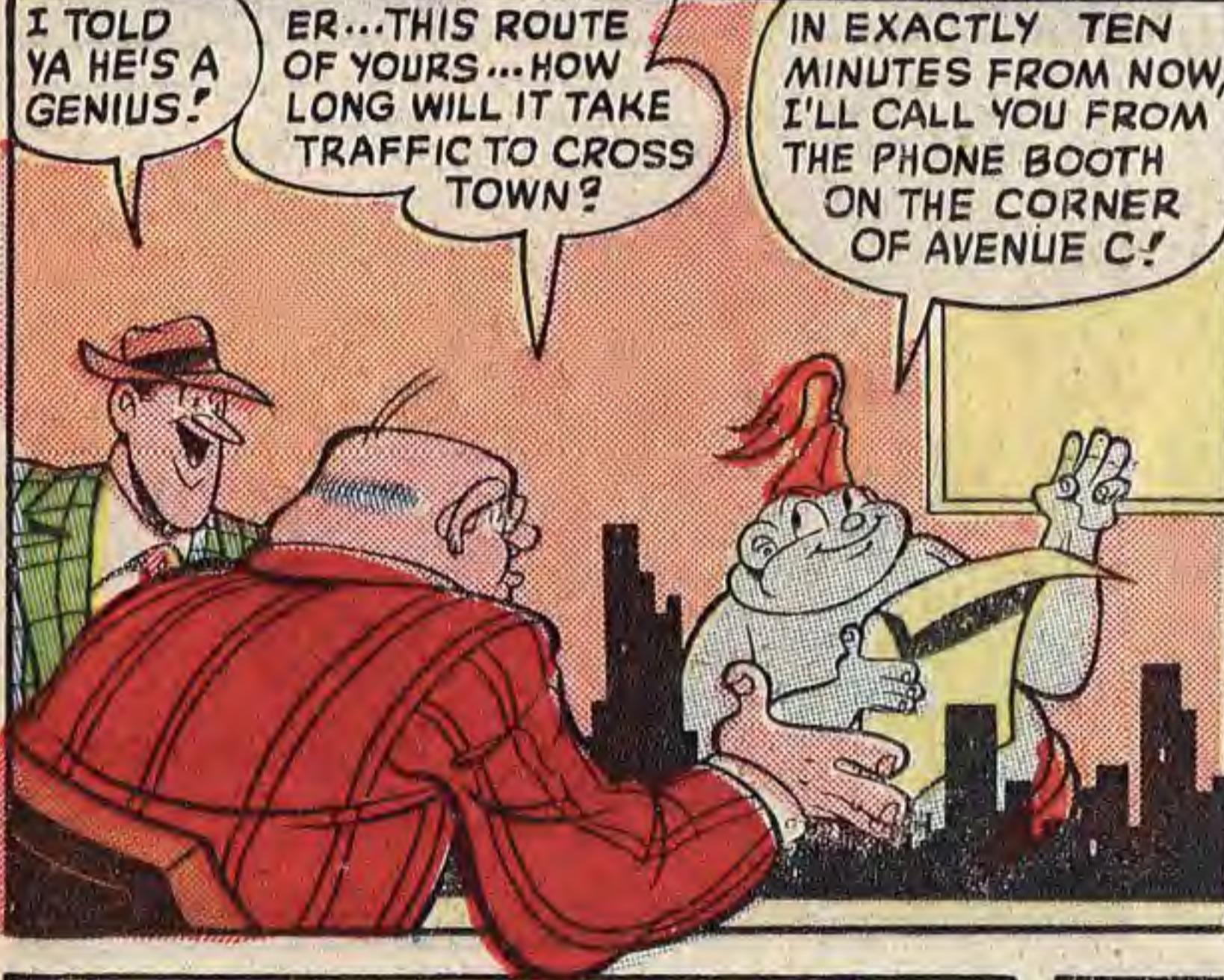
IT TAKES 30 MINUTES TO CROSS AVENUES A, B AND C! IF WE CAN BUILD A HIGHWAY WITHOUT DESTROYING ANY PRIVATE PROPERTY, WE'LL RELIEVE THE TRAFFIC CONGESTION! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, BLIMPY?



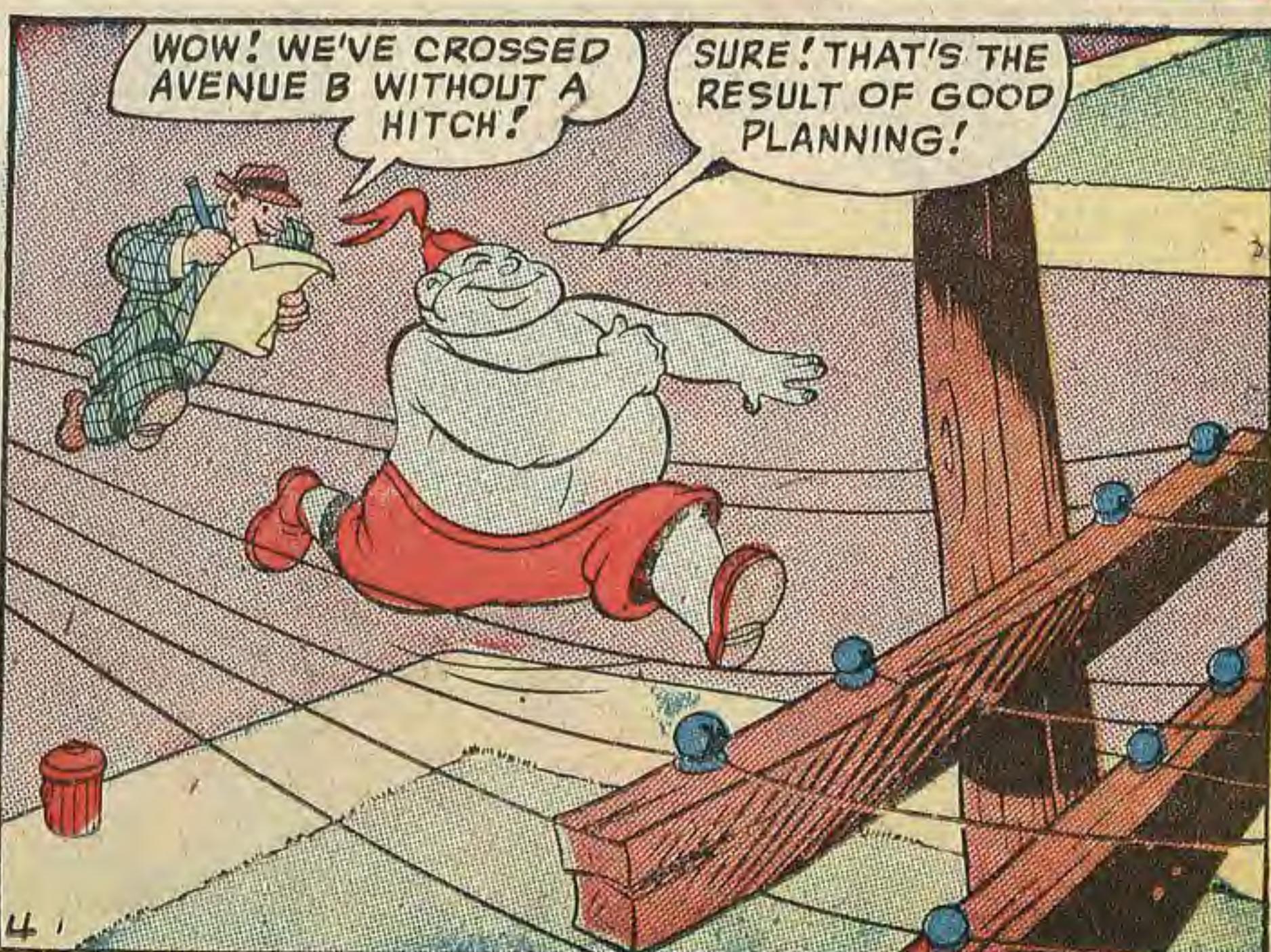
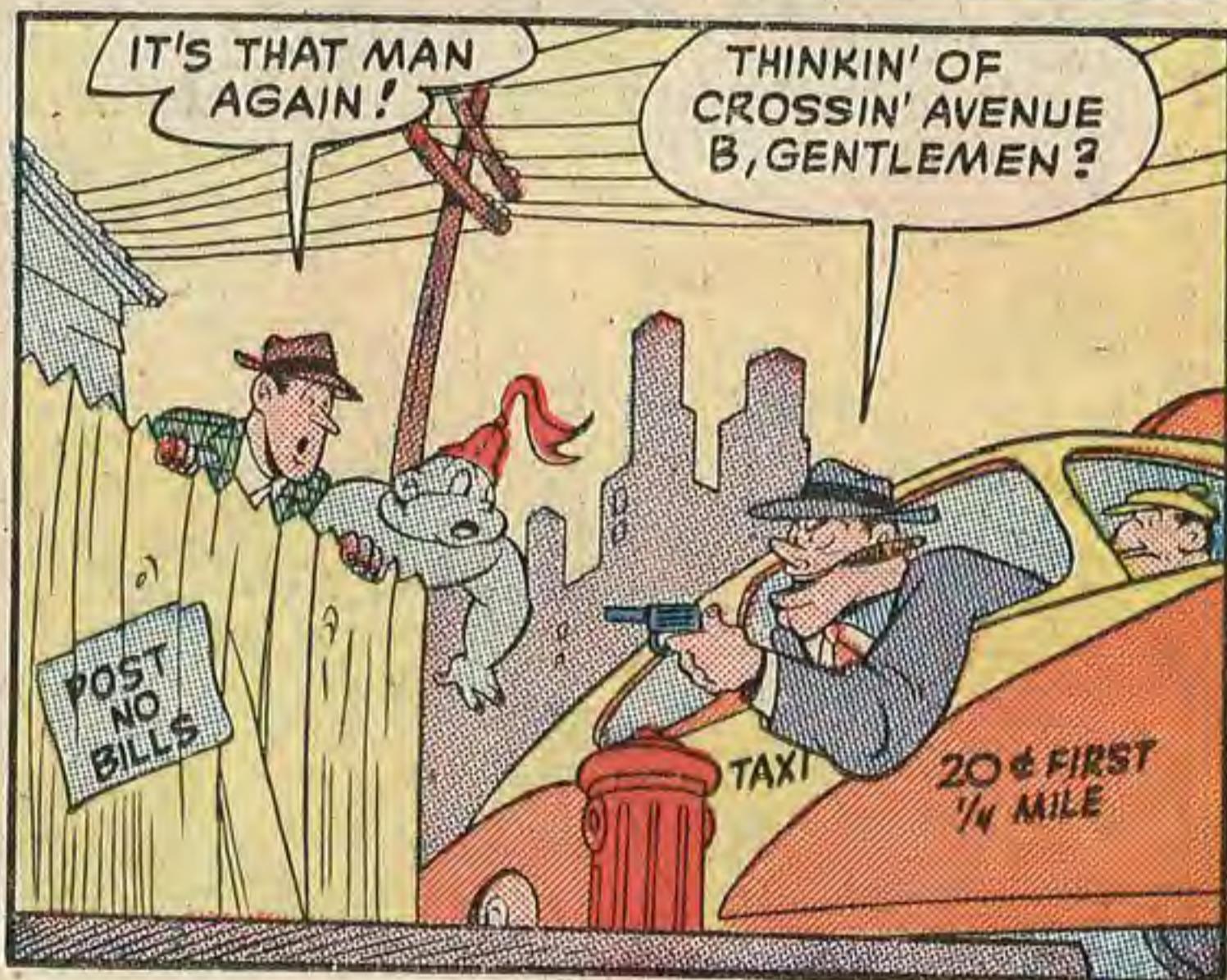
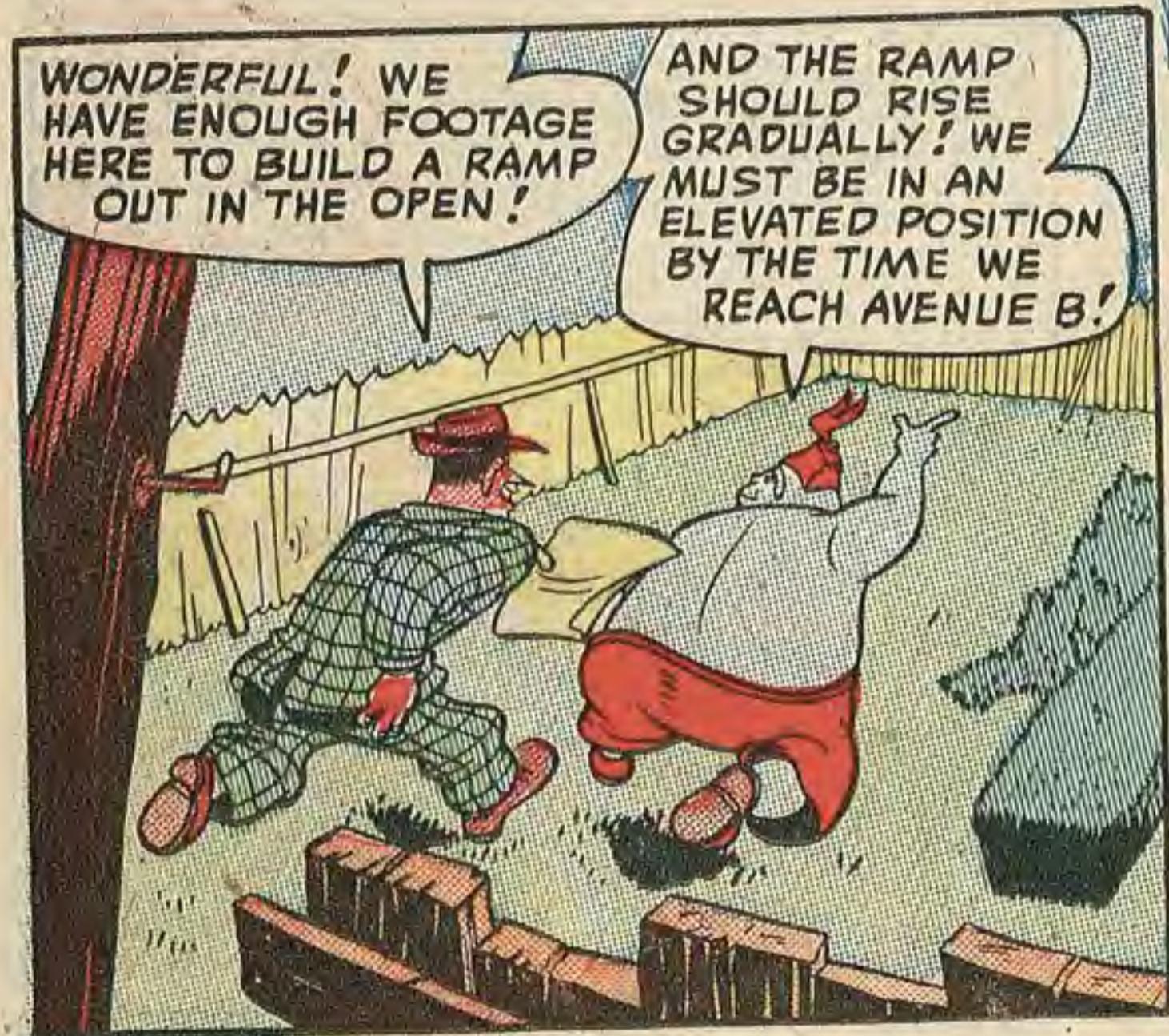
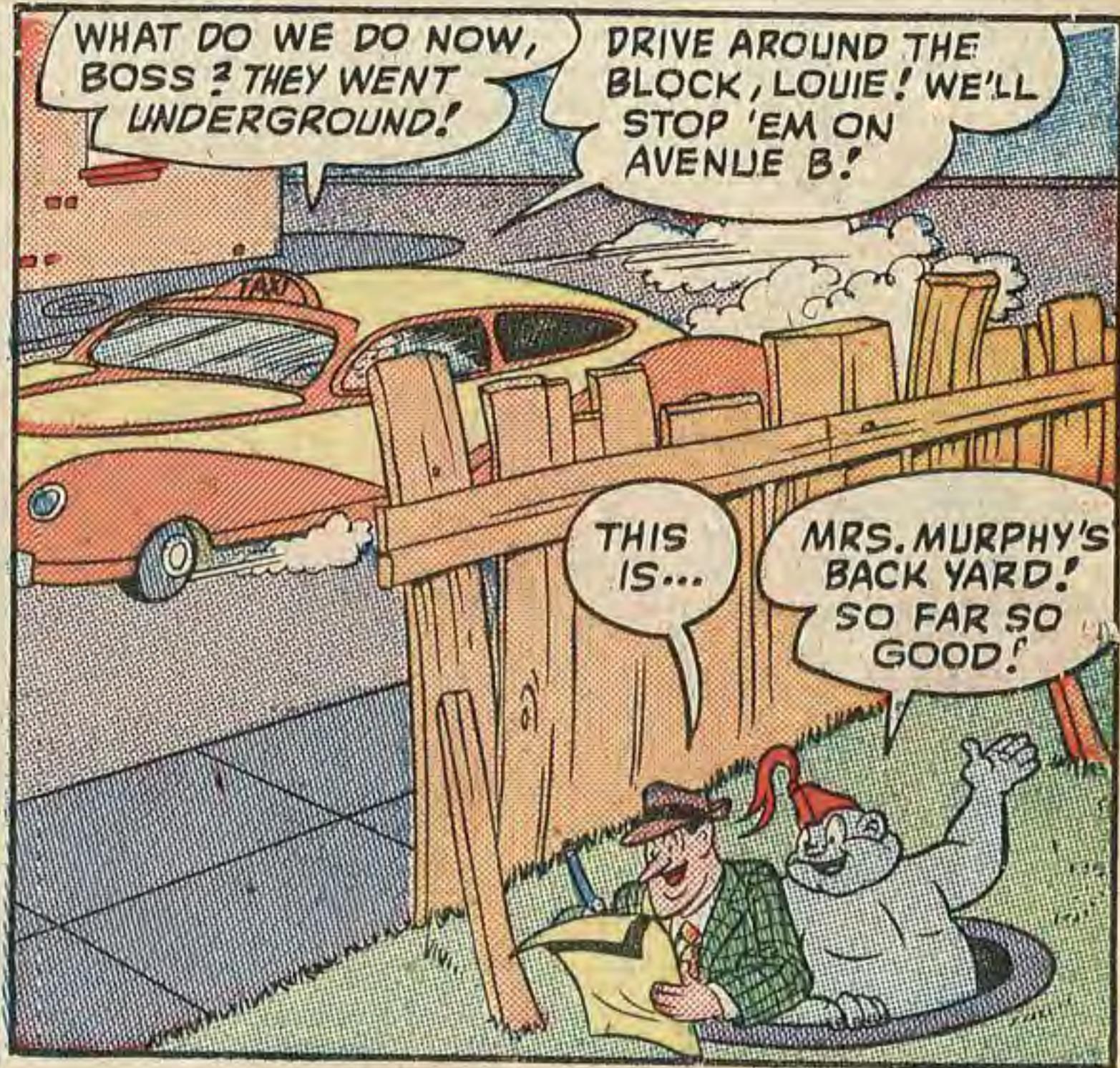
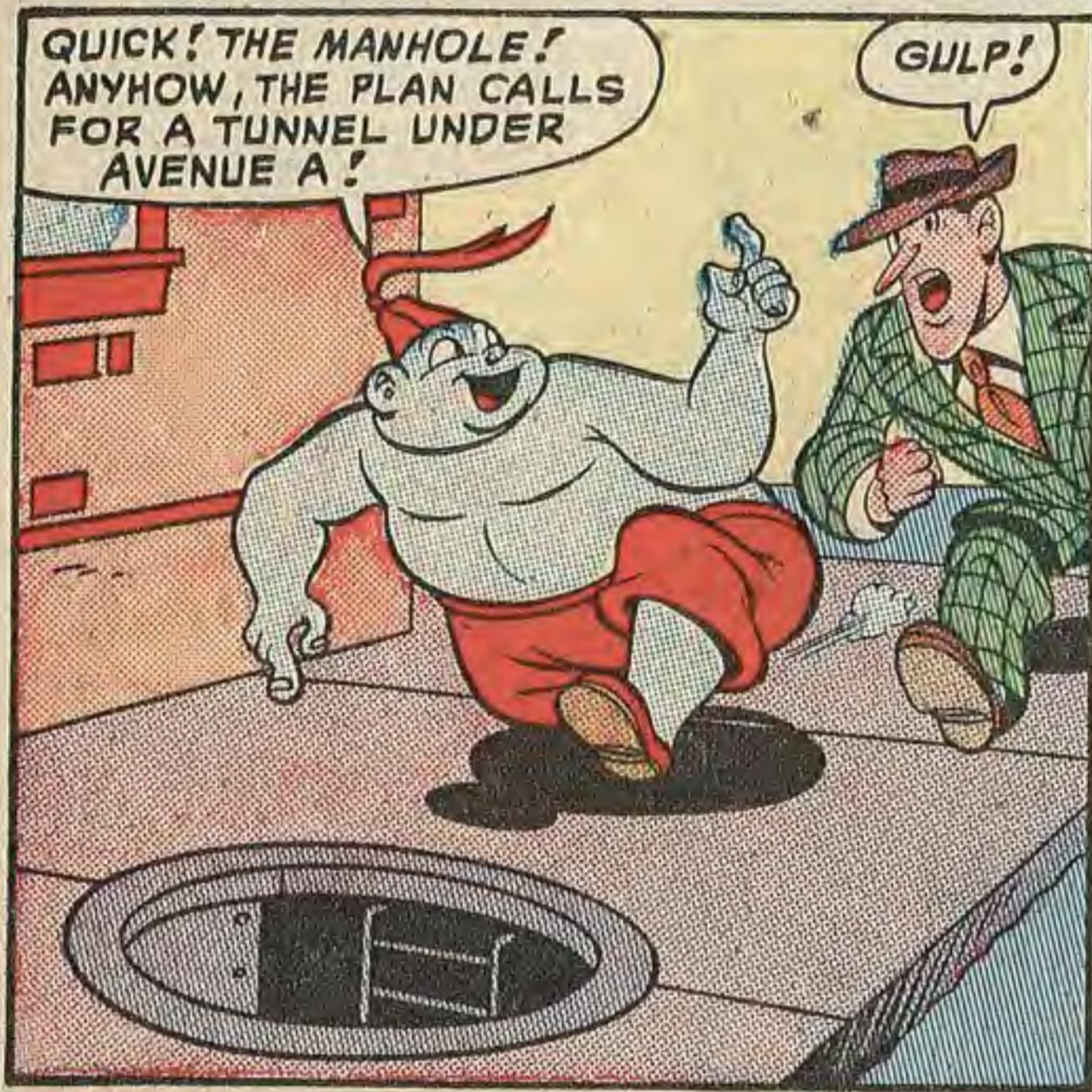
FIRST WE TUNNEL UNDER AVENUE A, THEN THROUGH MRS. MURPHY'S BACK YARD! SHE'S A NICE LADY AND WON'T OBJECT...THEN...



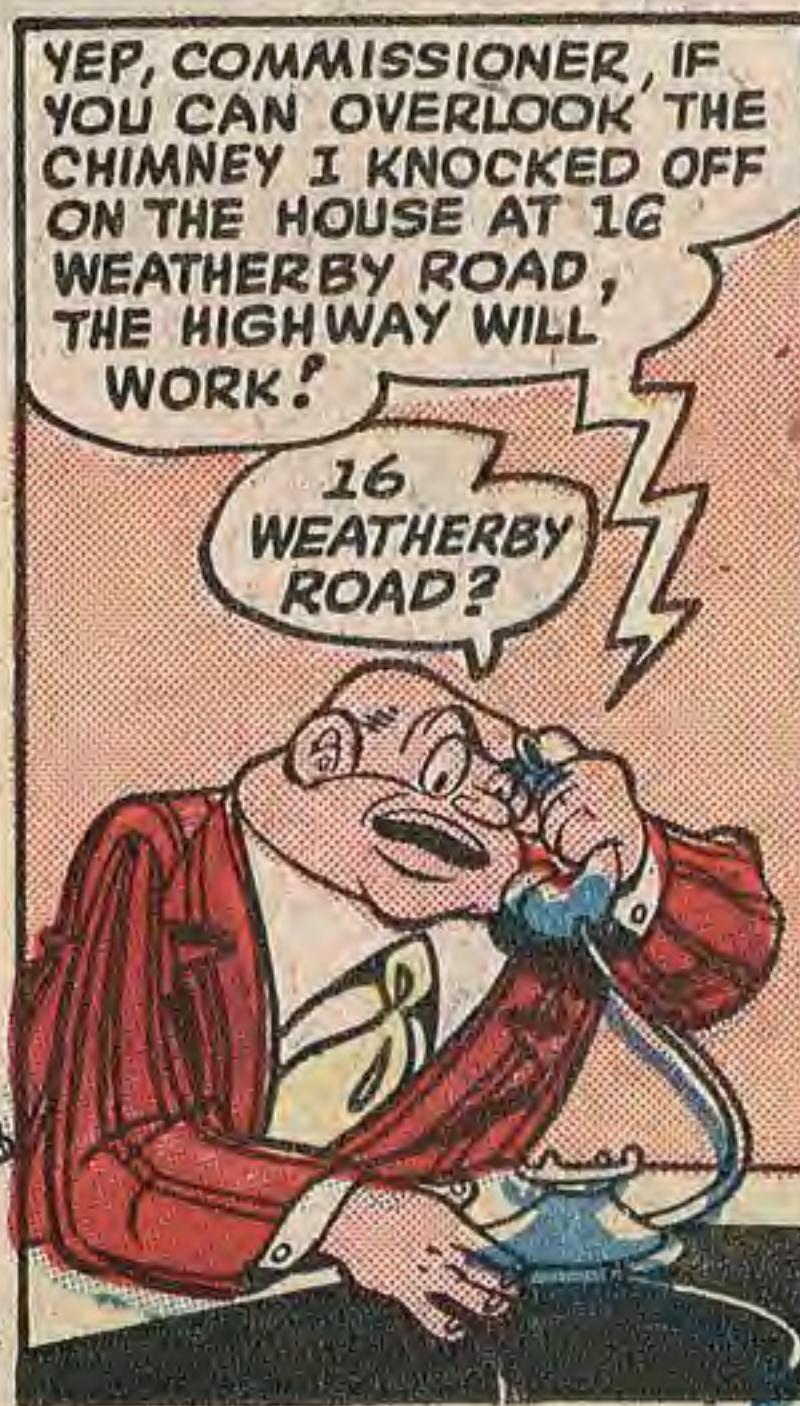
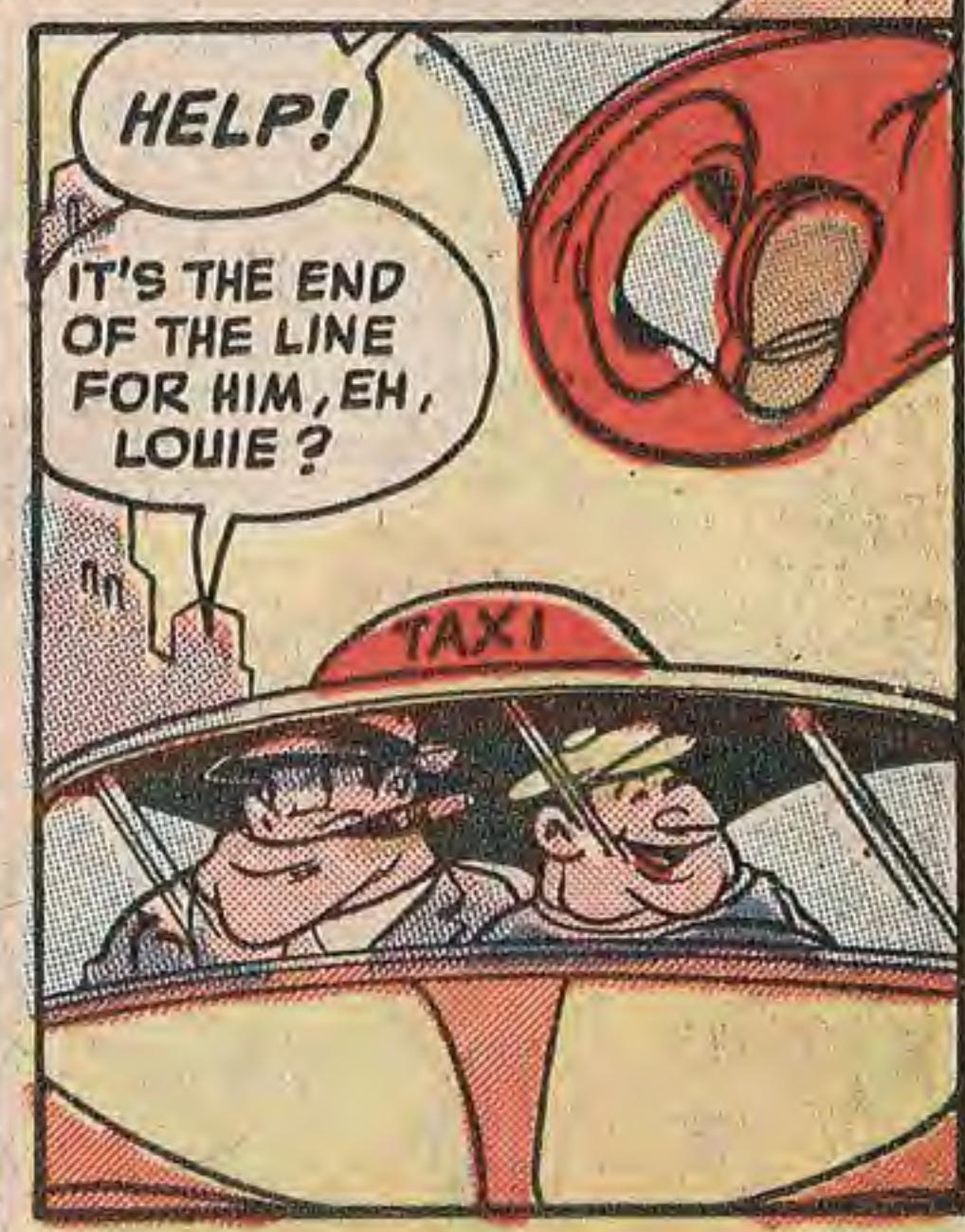
I'VE GOT IT, COMMISSIONER! YOUR PROBLEM IS SOLVED!



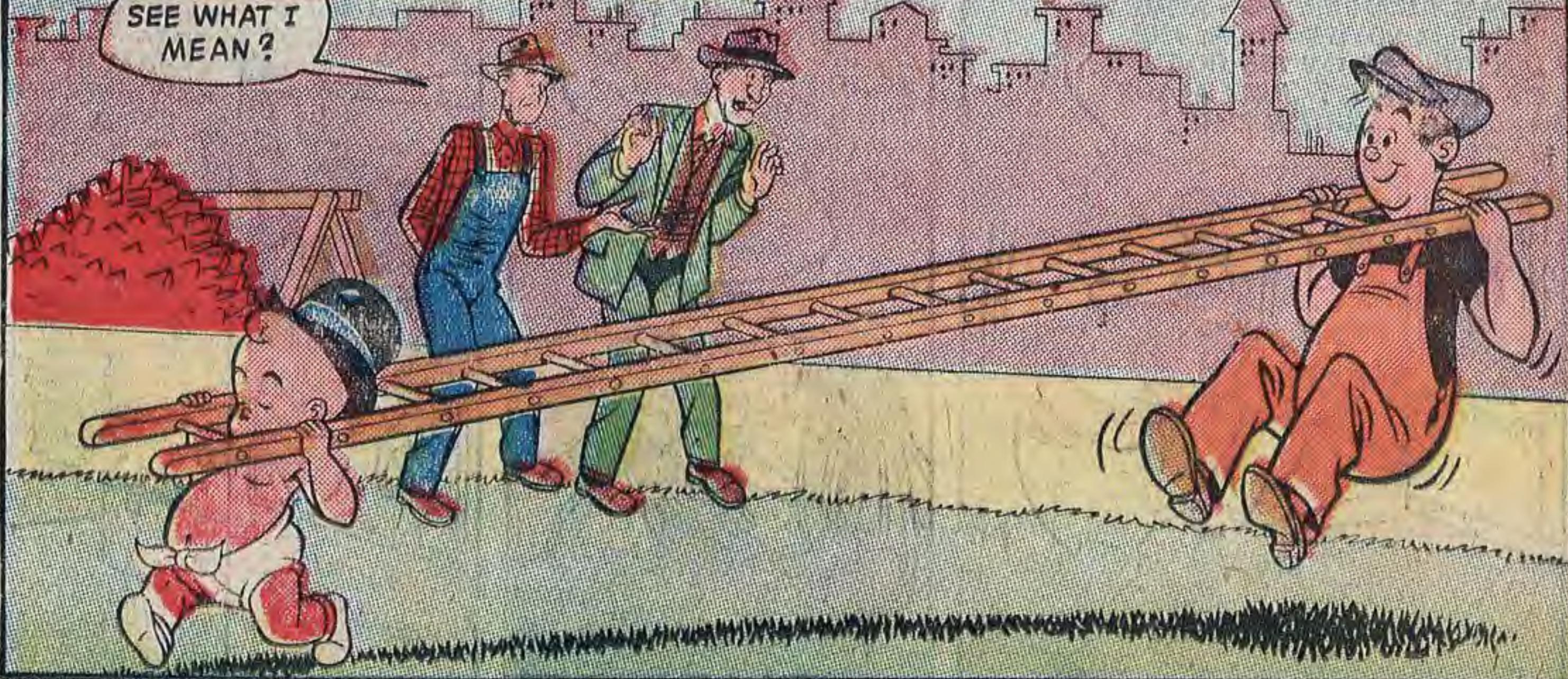
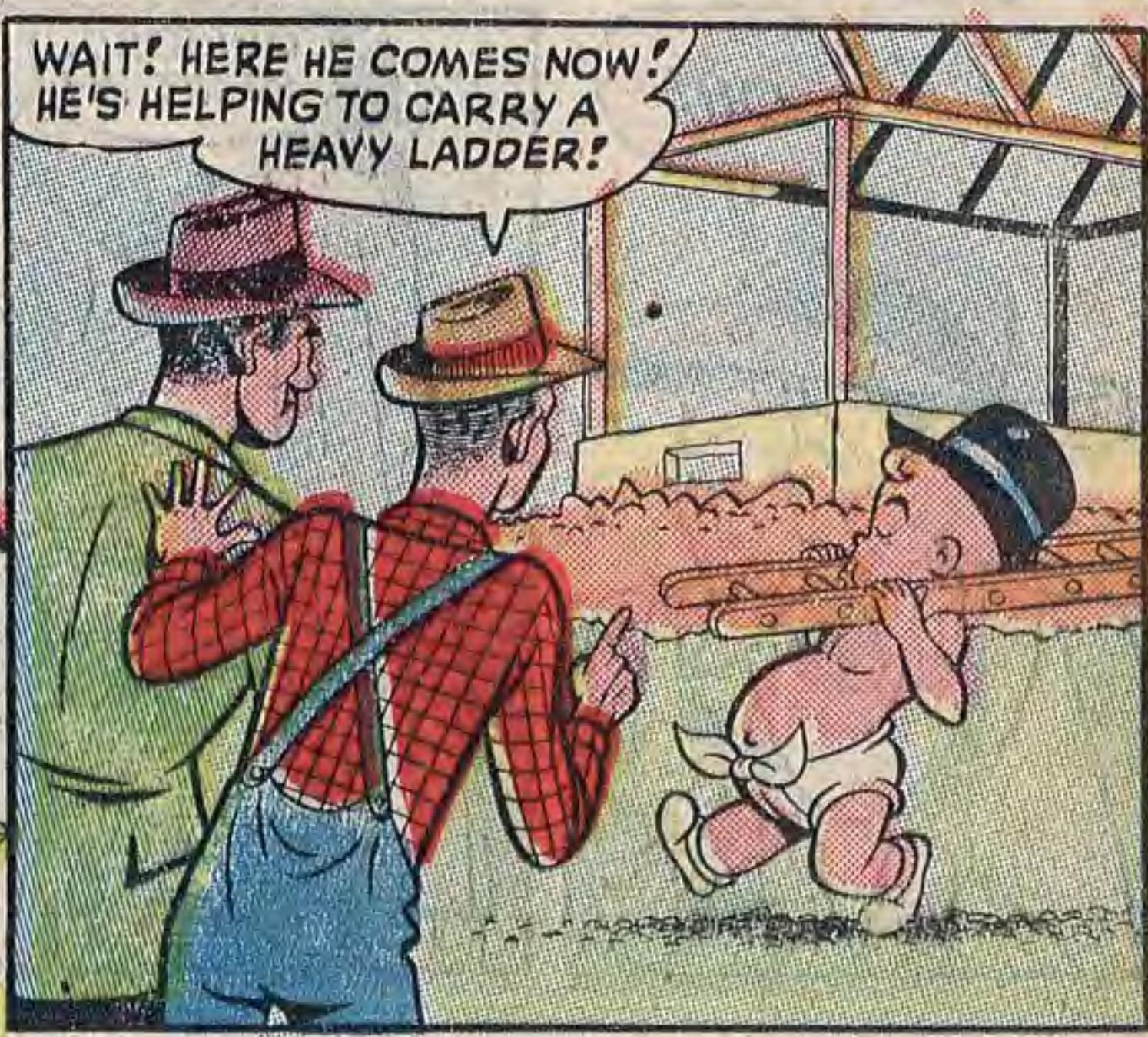
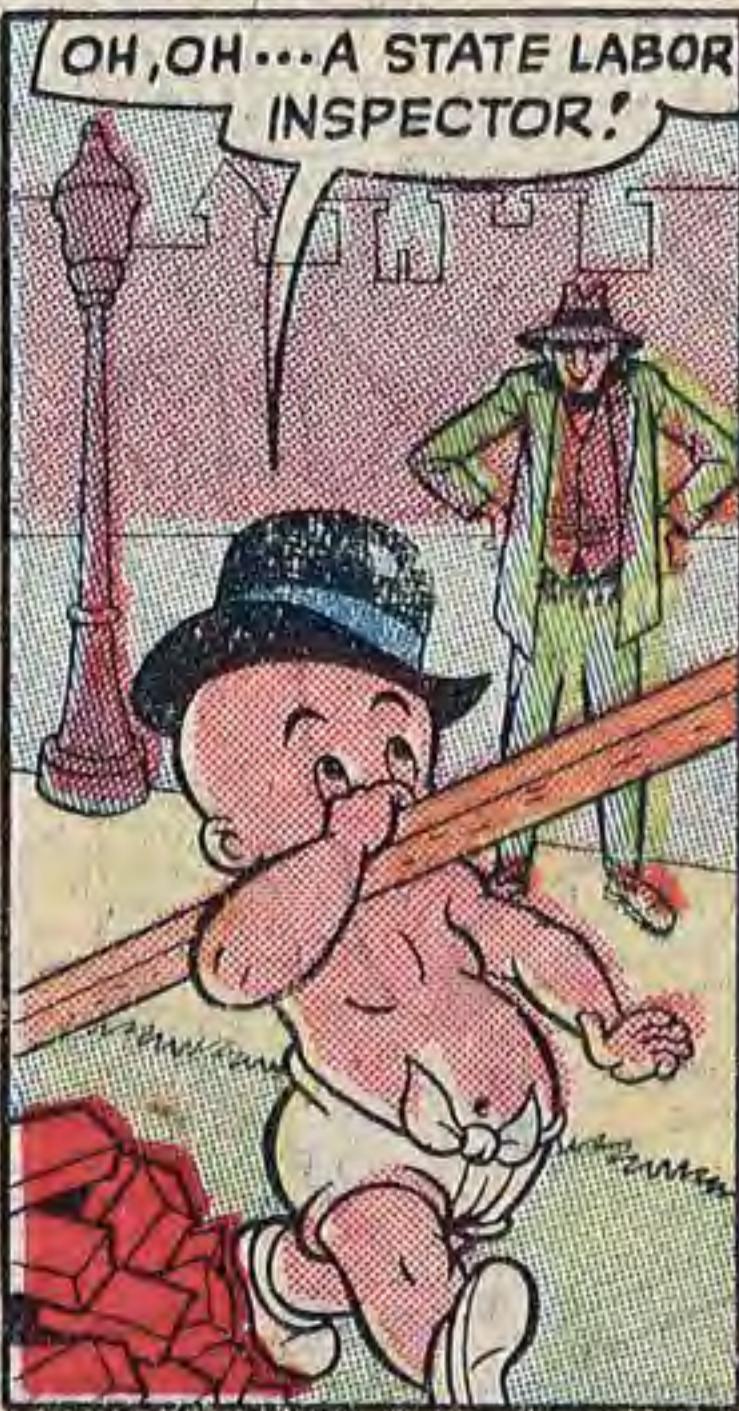
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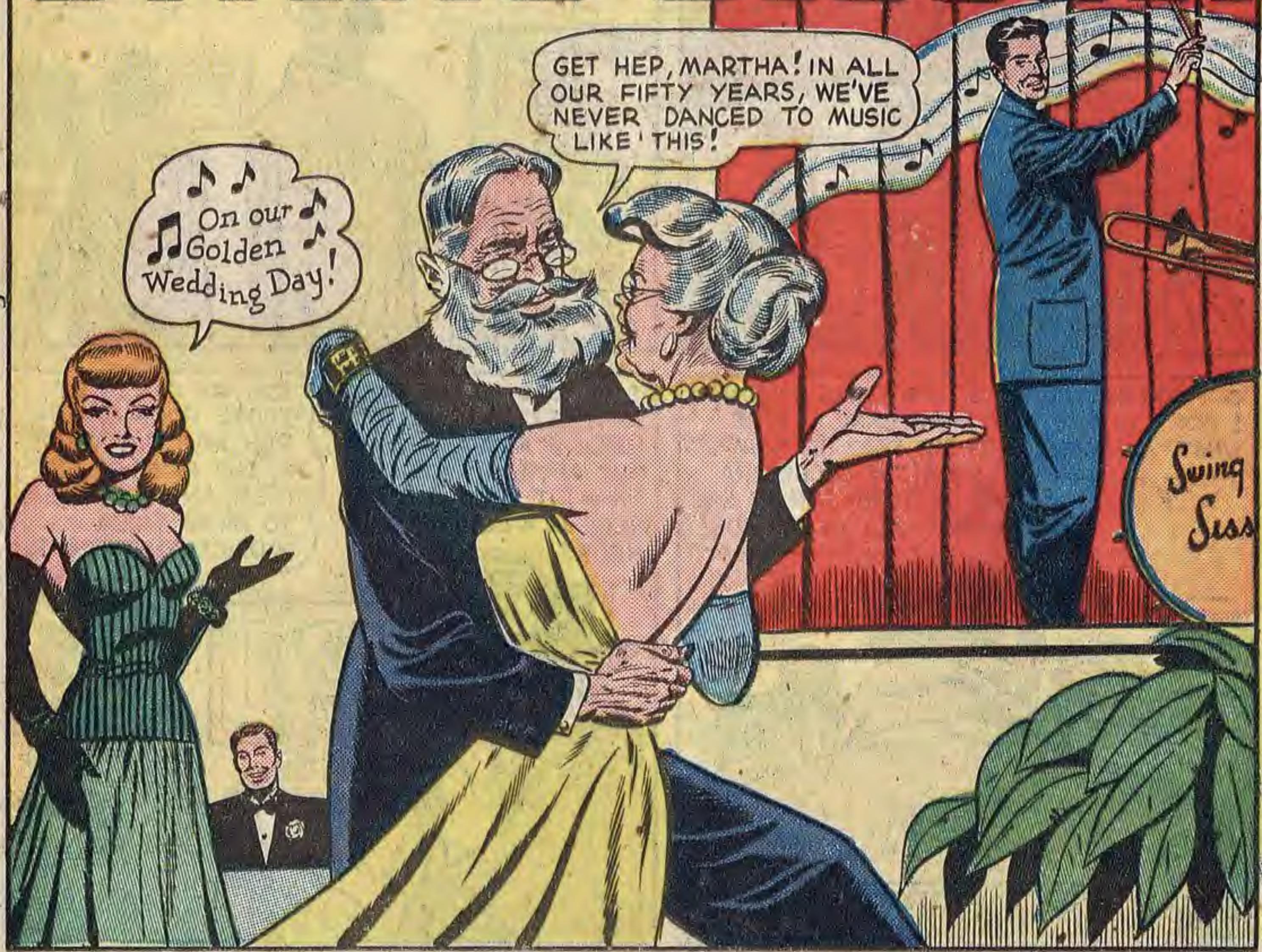
FEATURE COMICS



POISON IVY



SWING SISSON



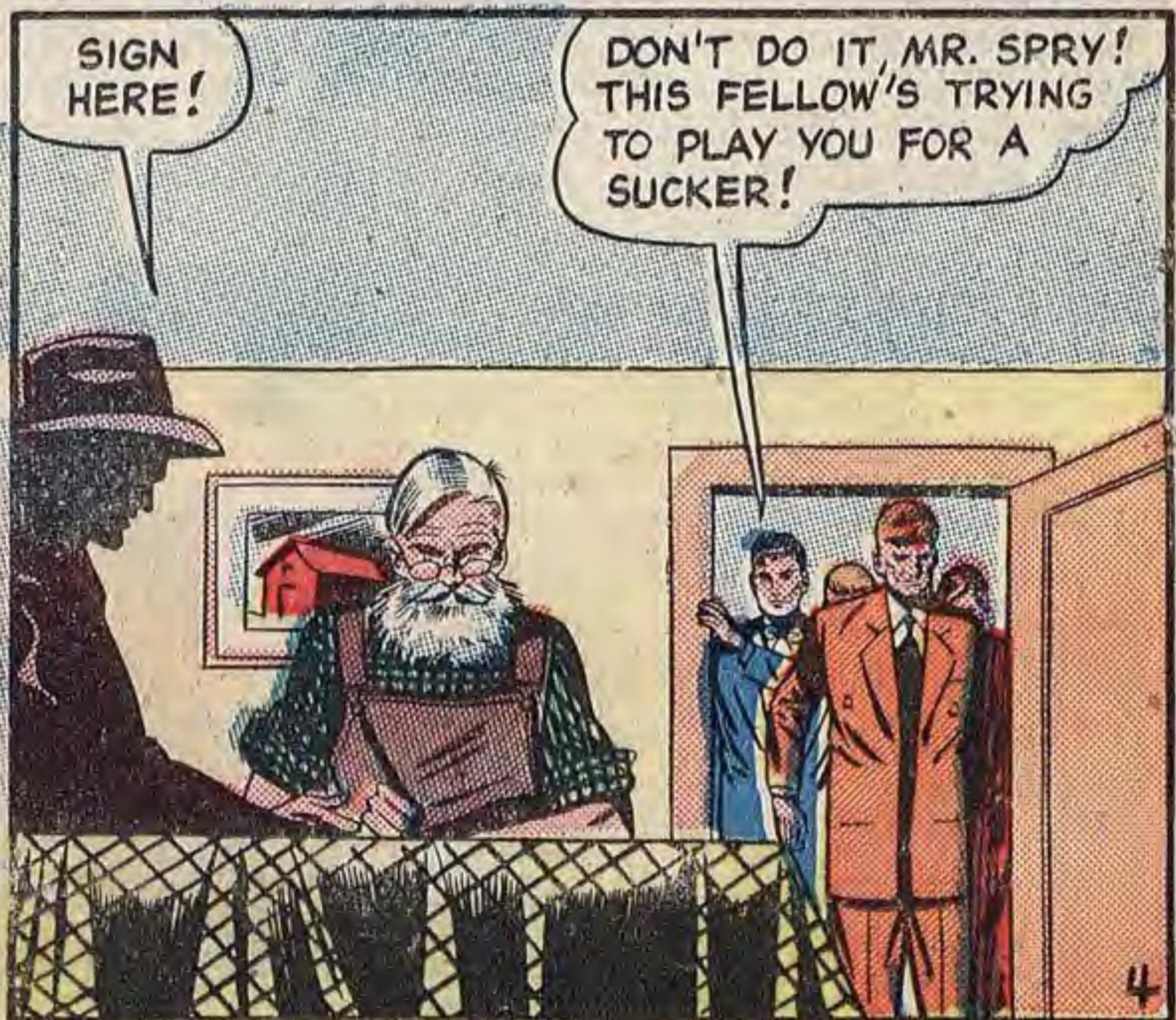
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

I SUGGEST THAT YOU COME CLEAN, BEFORE WE ROUGH YOU UP LIKE WE DID YOUR PALS, HERE!

SWING, THAT'S MR. SNIDE, THE GENTLEMAN WHO'S GOING TO BUY MY FARM!



I'M SURE HE'S NO GENTLEMAN, AND I DON'T THINK HE'LL BUY YOUR FARM, MR. SPRY! YOU'D BETTER TALK, SNIDE! YOU CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED!

OKAY, YOU WIN! I WANTED THE FARM BECAUSE THERE'S OIL ON IT!



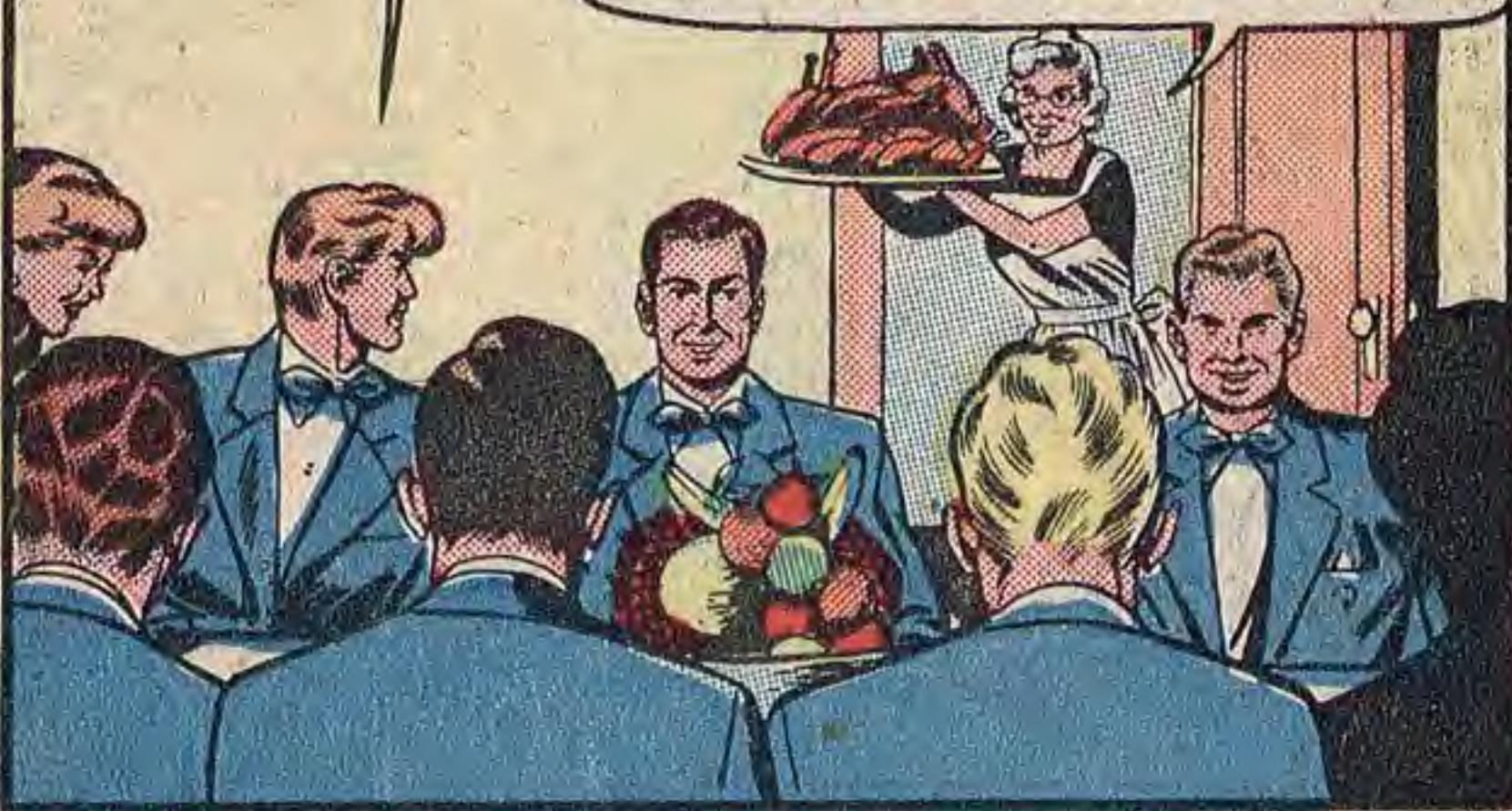
OIL, HUH? I GET IT, SWING! YOU SAW OIL ON THE WATER!

OIL! WE'RE RICH! Y'KNOW, BOTH THE MISSUS AND ME THOUGHT THE WATER TASTED SORT OF PECULIAR LATELY... BUT OUR EYESIGHT'S NOT SO GOOD ANYMORE...



MMMMMM! LOOK AT THAT PLATTER WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US! OF FRIED CHICKEN!

THIS IS VERY LITTLE, COMPARED AT THAT PLATTER WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US! AND NOW I THINK I SHOULD TELL YOU... THIS IS OUR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY! THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE'VE BEEN SO GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE!



GOLDEN WEDDING? THEN YOU MUST COME WITH US AND CELEBRATE AT THE CLOVER CLUB!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, MARTHA? WE'VE PLANNED TO DO THAT FOR YEARS, AND THERE'LL NEVER BE A BETTER TIME!



That night...

TOM, IT'S ALL WONDERFUL! WE'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A DAY AS THIS!

YOU KNOW, MRS. SPRY, NEITHER HAVE WE!

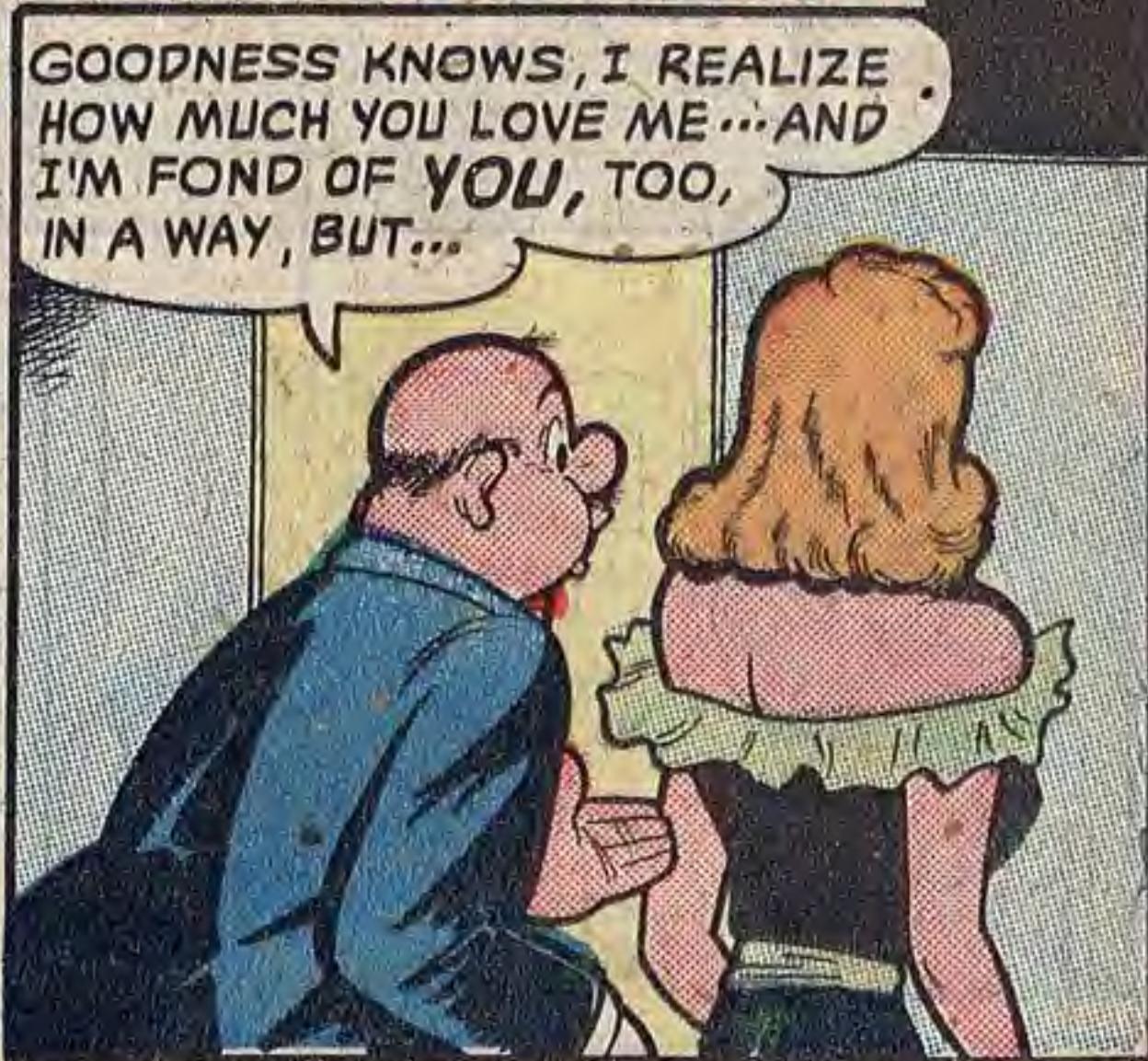


LALA PALOOZA

LOOK,
GORJIA,
LET'S
FACE
THIS
THING...

I SIMPLY CAN'T
MARRY YOU...THAT'S
ALL THERE IS TO
IT!

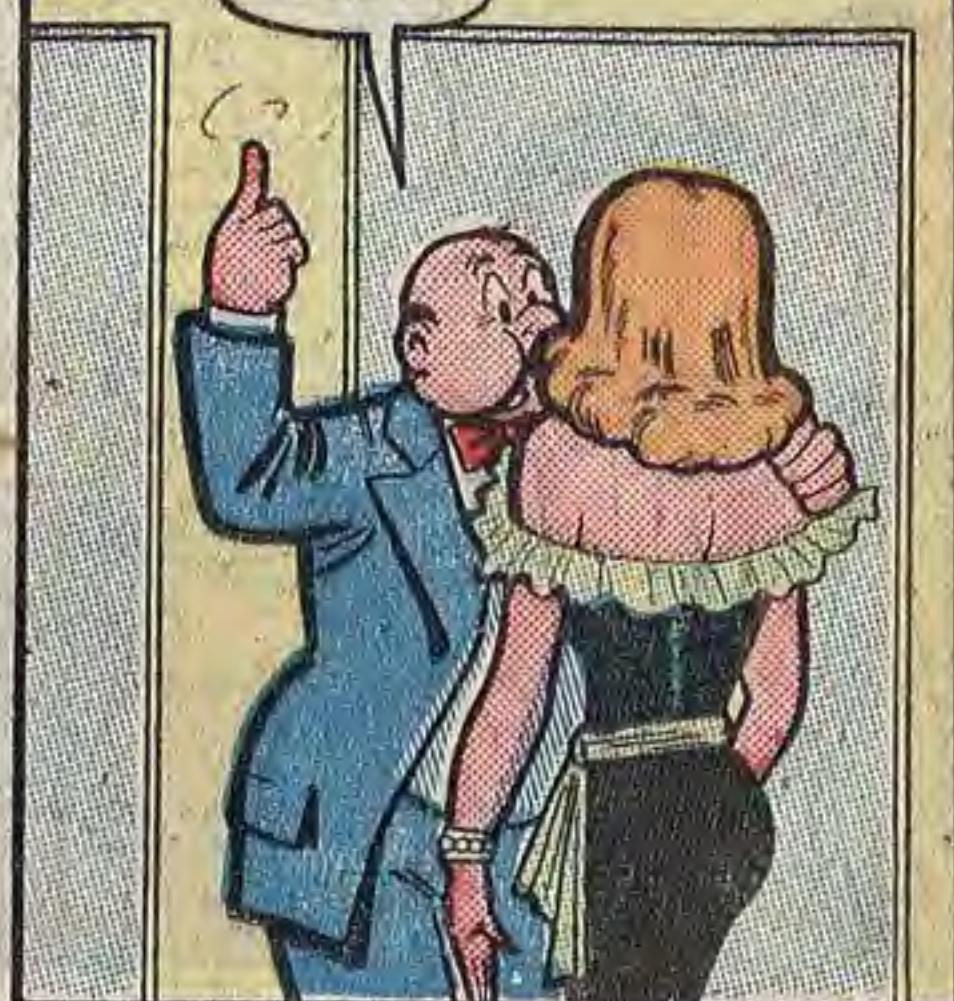
GOODNESS KNOWS, I REALIZE
HOW MUCH YOU LOVE ME...AND
I'M FOND OF YOU, TOO,
IN A WAY, BUT...



SUPPOSE I WAS TO
WED YOU...WHAT WOULD
MY POOR SISTER, LALA,
DO?

SHE'D SIMPLY PINE AWAY
AND DIE WITHOUT MY CLOSE
COMPANY AND...ER...STOUT
FINANCIAL SUPPORT!

NO, NO, GORJIA, I'M FAR
TOO PROUD TO SHARE YOUR
MILLIONS, SO, ALAS, I THINK
IT'S BEST WE
PART!



OKAY, VINCE, TAKE THAT DUMMY UP TO
THE STOREROOM! I'M GONNA PUT NEW
MODELS IN THIS DISPLAY
WINDOW!

AND, BY THE WAY,
WHO DID I HEAR
YOU GABBING
WITH?

OH, JUST GIVING MYSELF
A LITTLE PEP TALK..
IT DOES ME GOOD NOW
AND THEN!

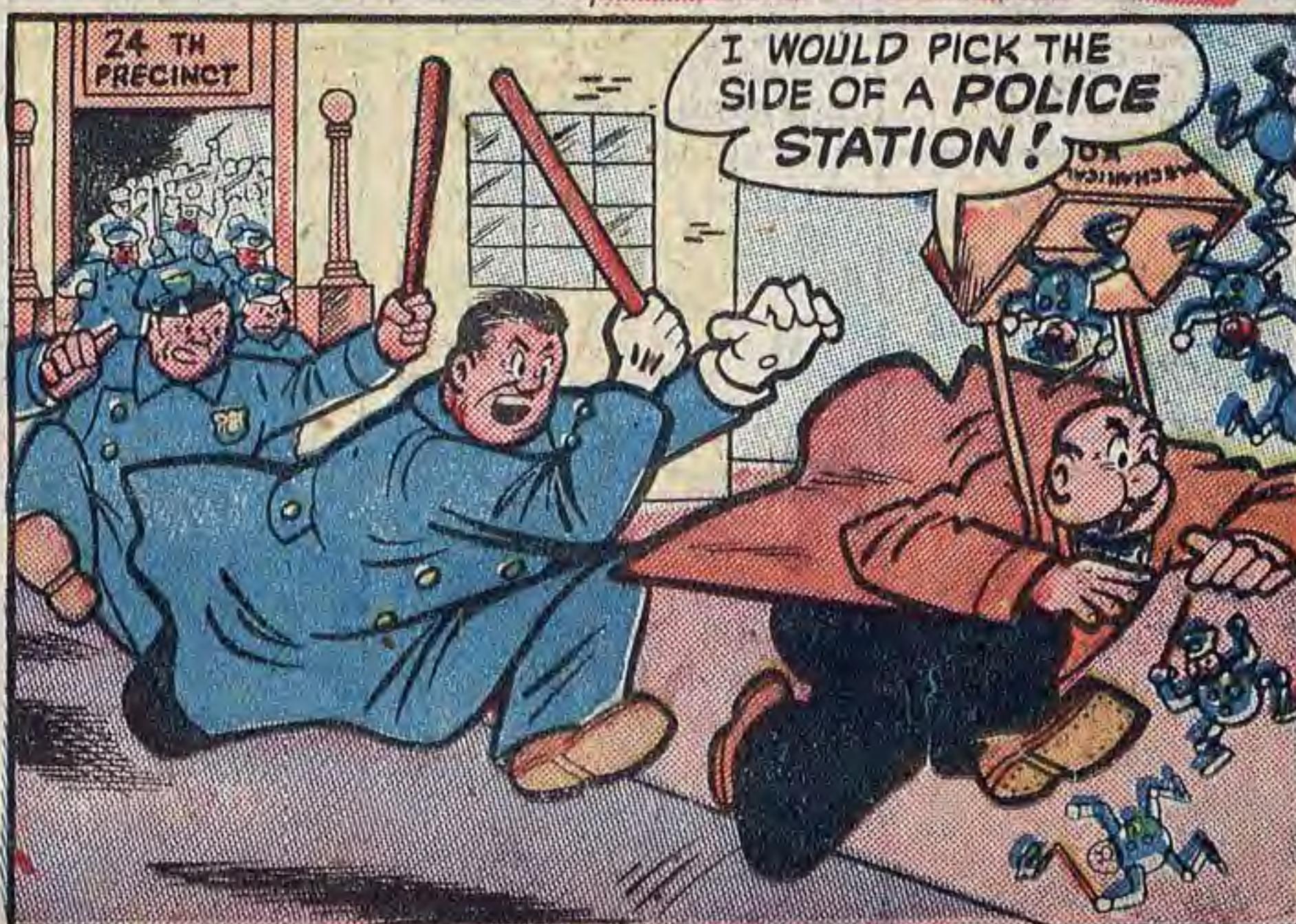
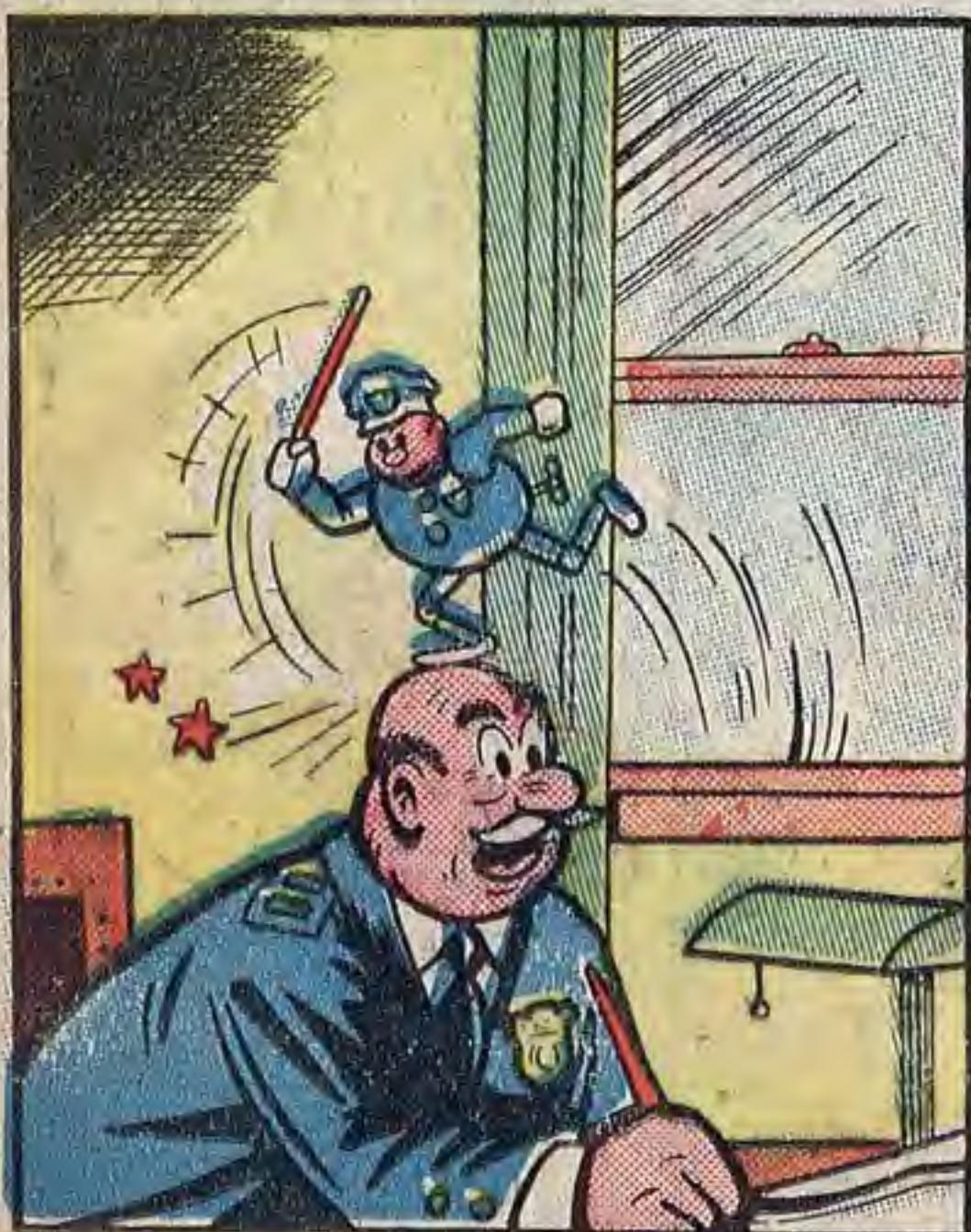
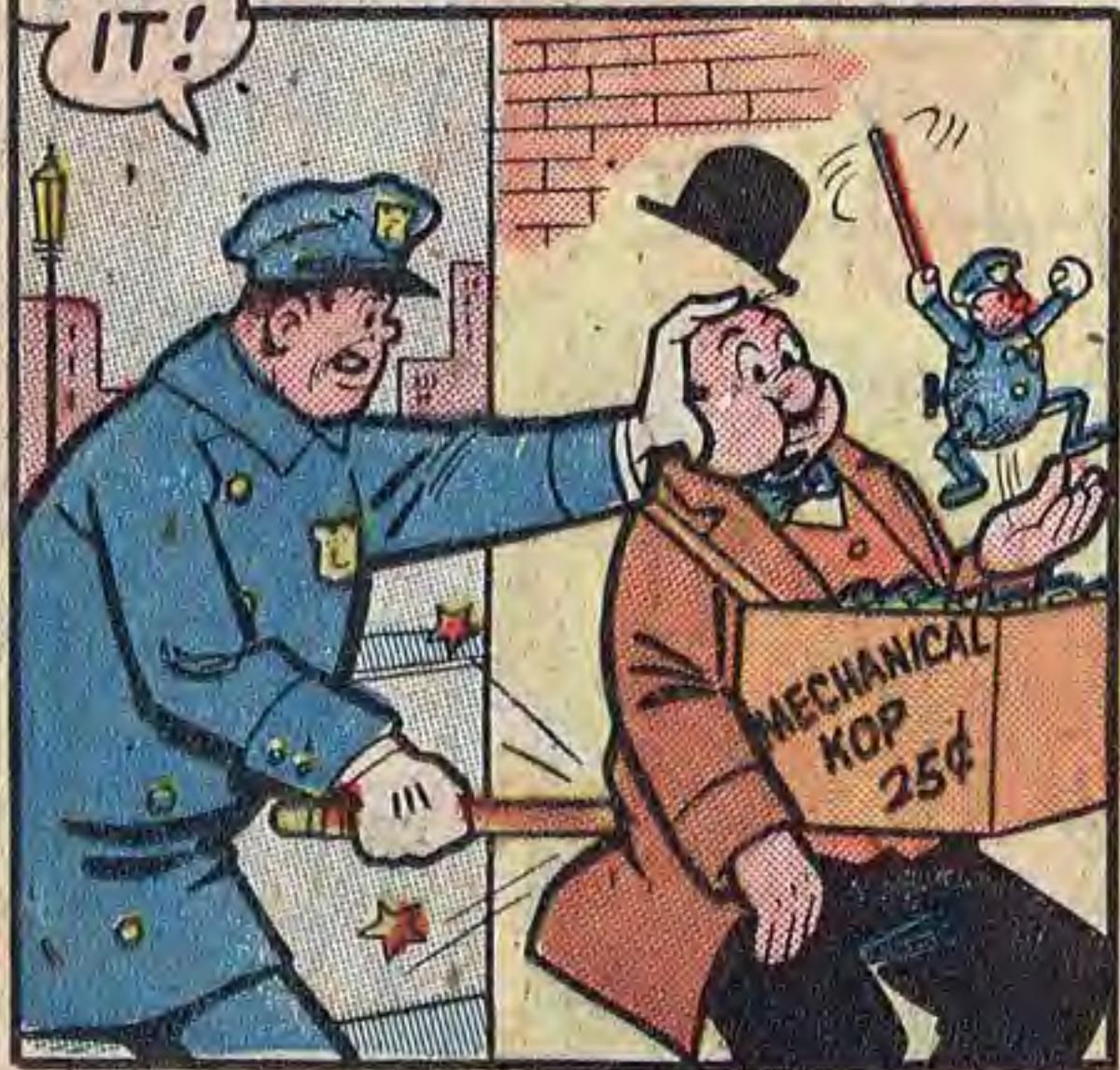


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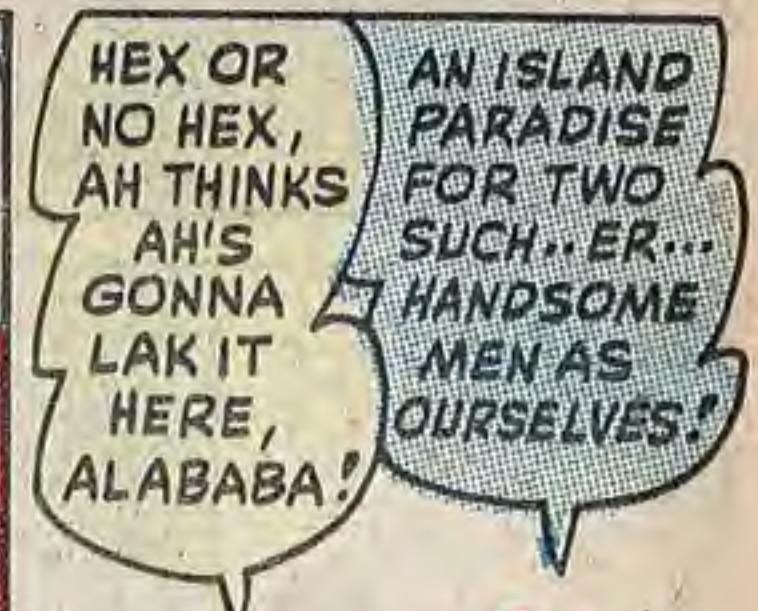
SCRAM,
I SAID!
BEAT
IT!

LALA PALOOZA

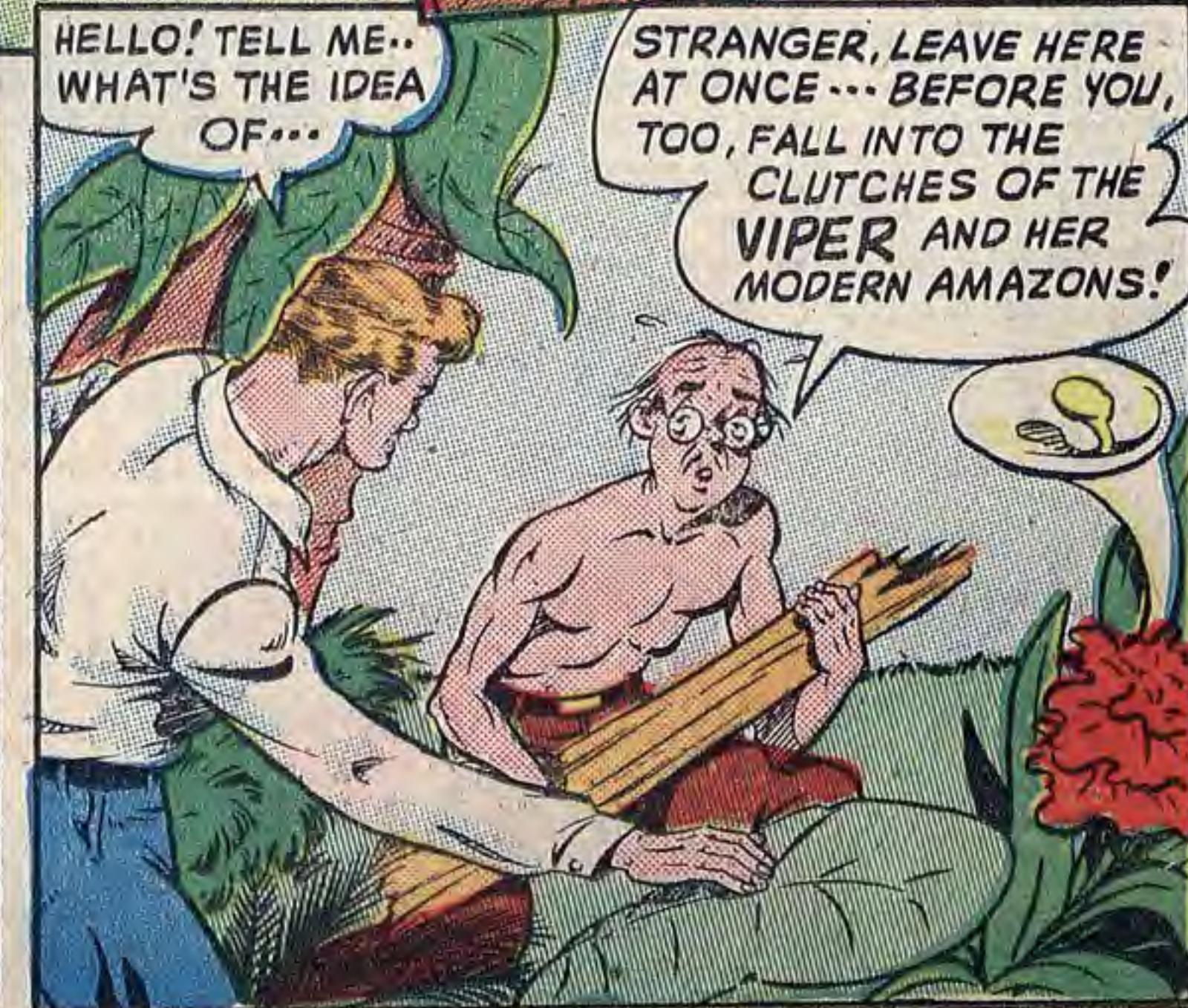
WHAT?
YOU
AGAIN?
BEAT
IT!



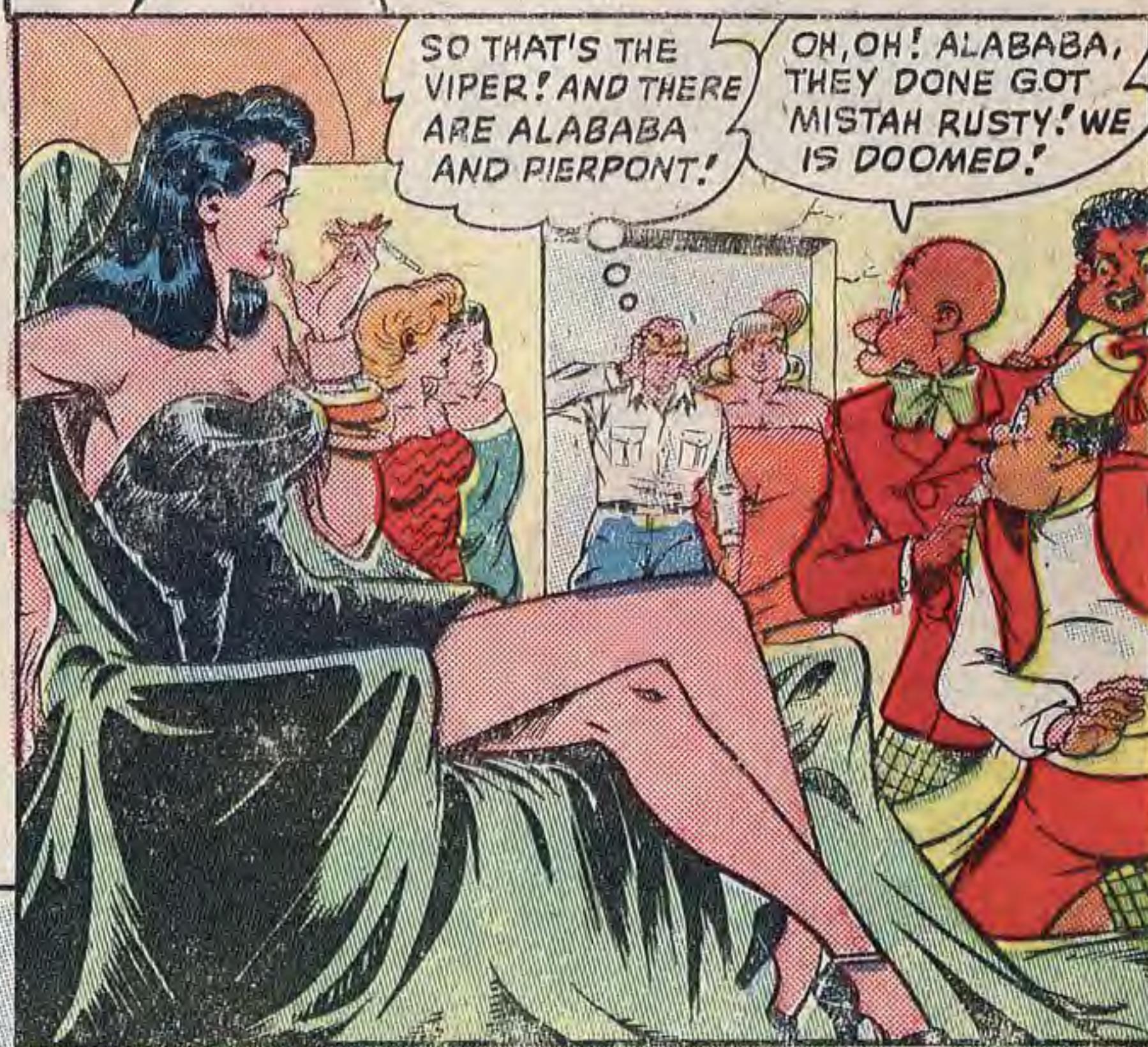
Rusty Ryan



FEATURE COMICS



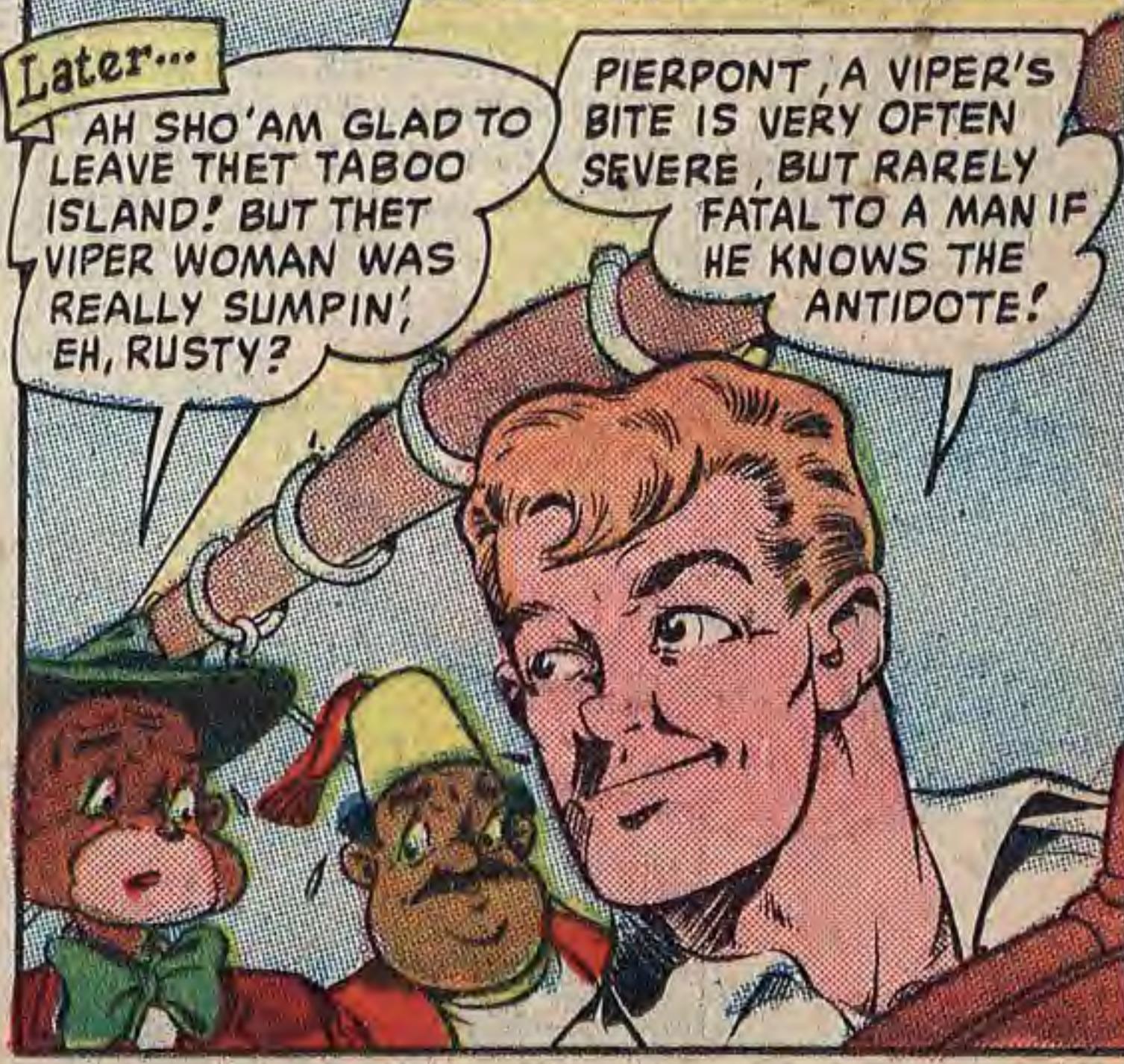
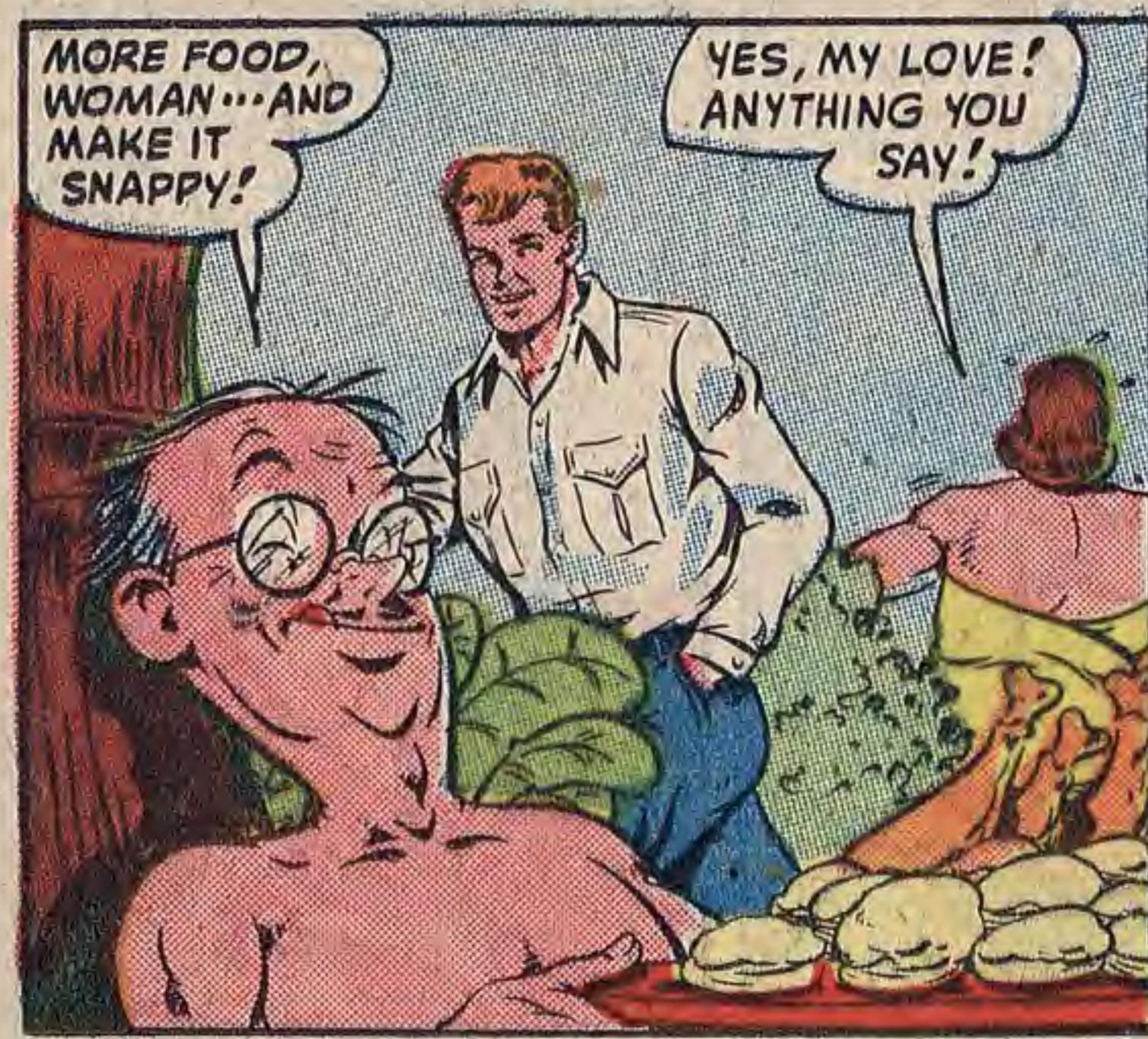
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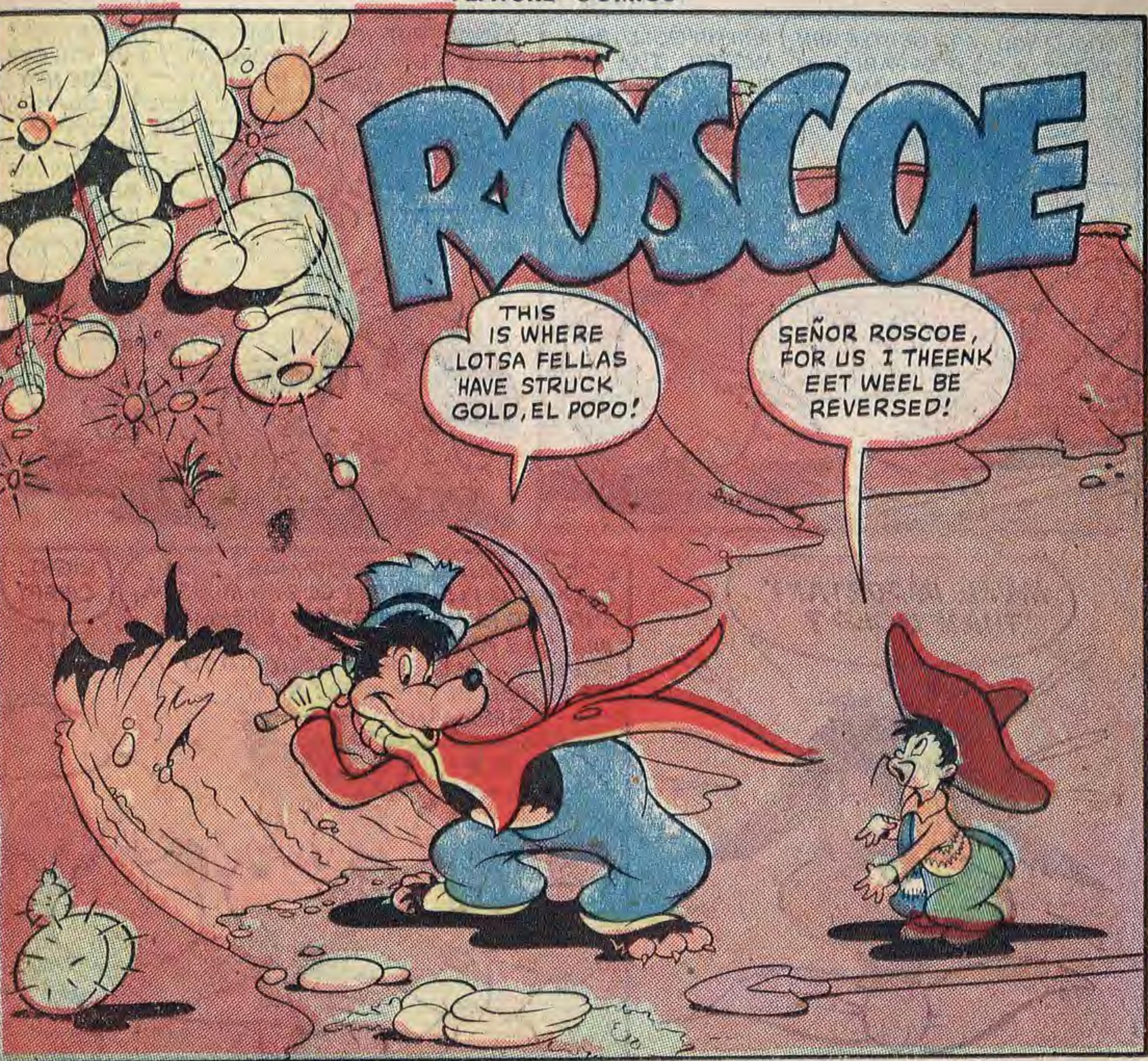
FEATURE COMICS



ROSCOE

THIS
IS WHERE
LOTSA FELLAS
HAVE STRUCK
GOLD, EL POPO!

SEÑOR ROSCOE,
FOR US I THEENK
EET WEEL BE
REVERSED!



SEÑOR ROSCOE,
EEF WE HAD A
FEW PESOS WE
COULD BE INSIDE
EATING INSTEAD
OF OUTSIDE
STARVING!

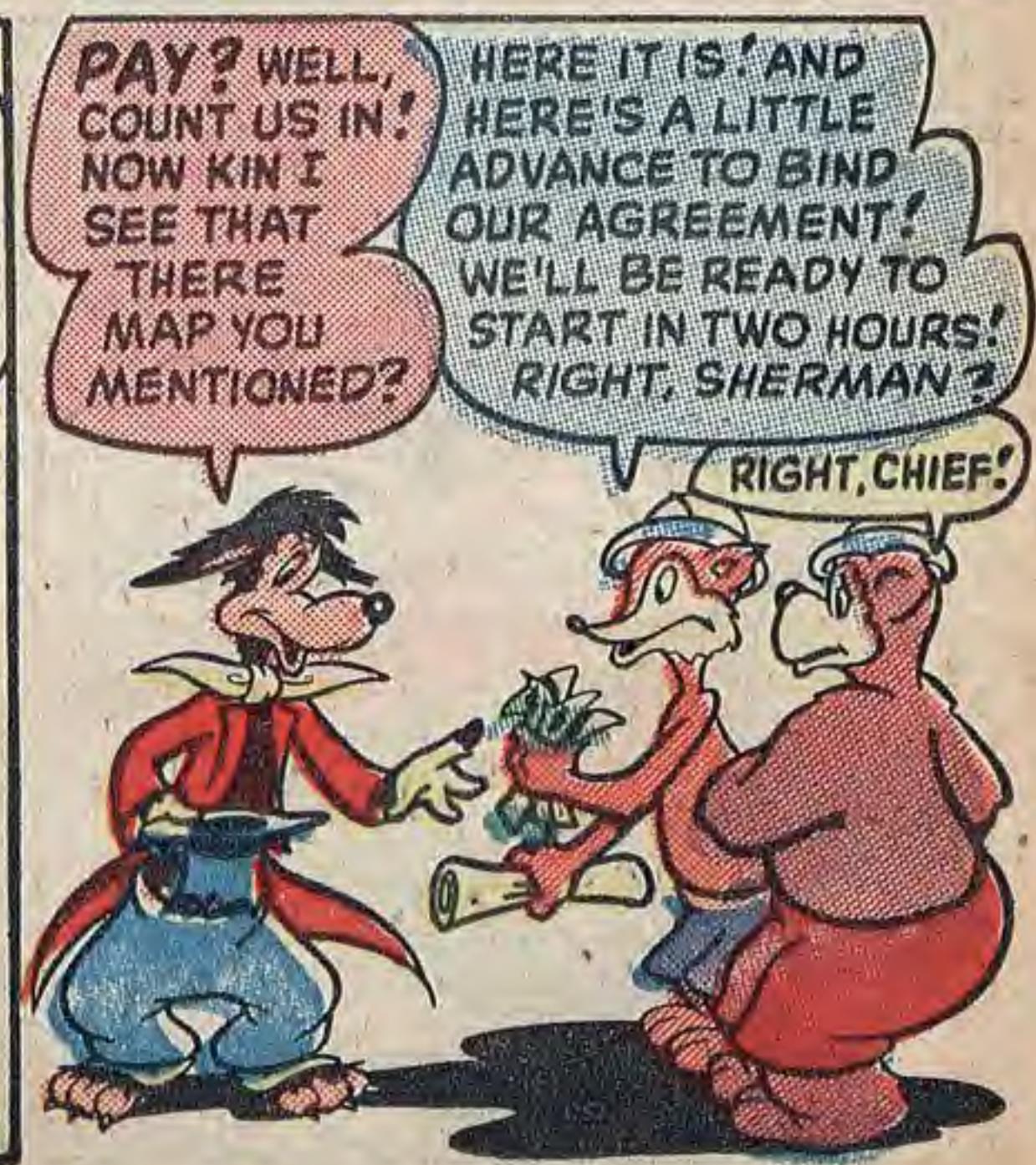
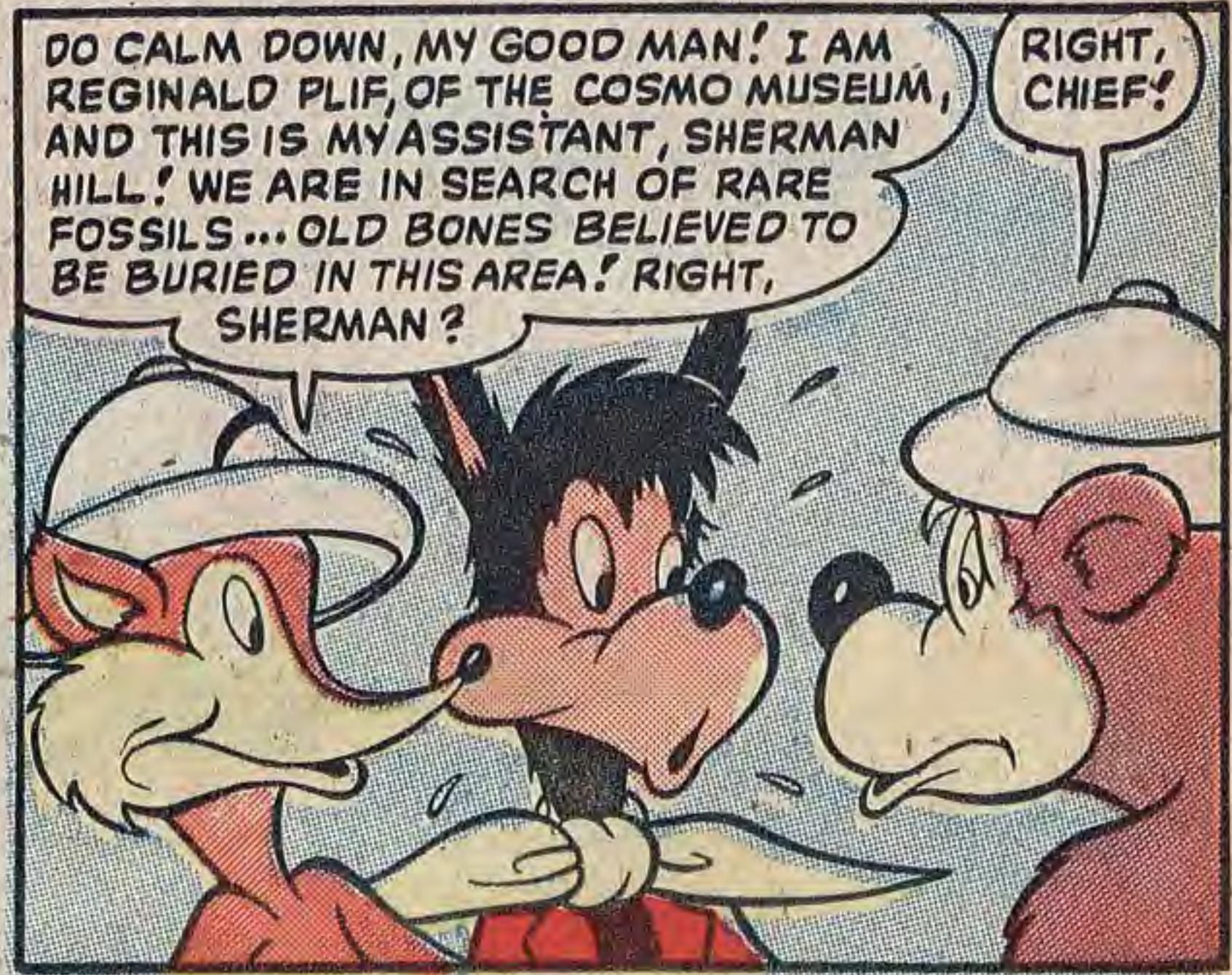
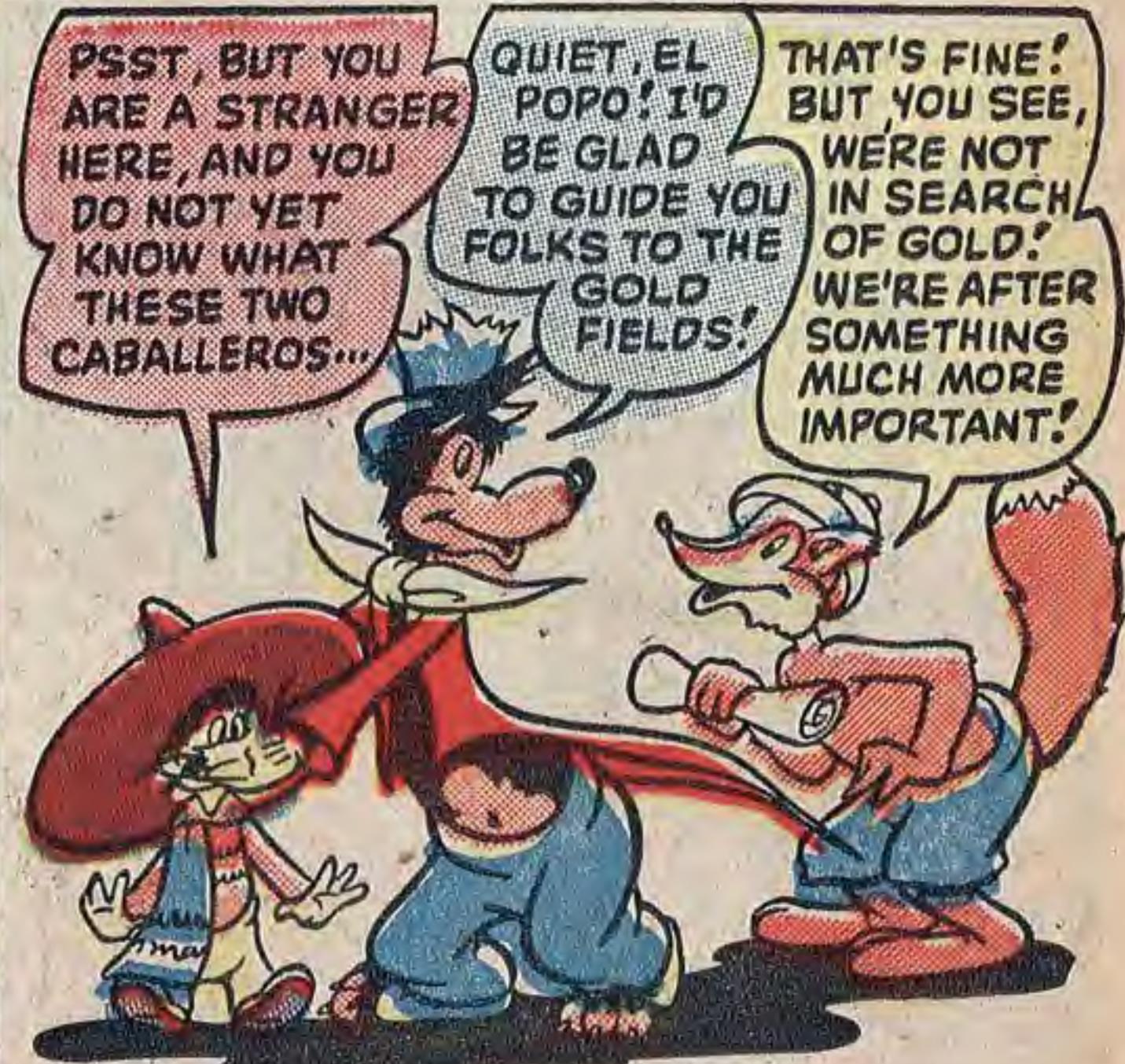
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE
RIGHT, EL POPO,
BUT I SURE HATE
TO THINK OF HAVIN'
TO WORK JUST
TO GET THOSE
PESOS!

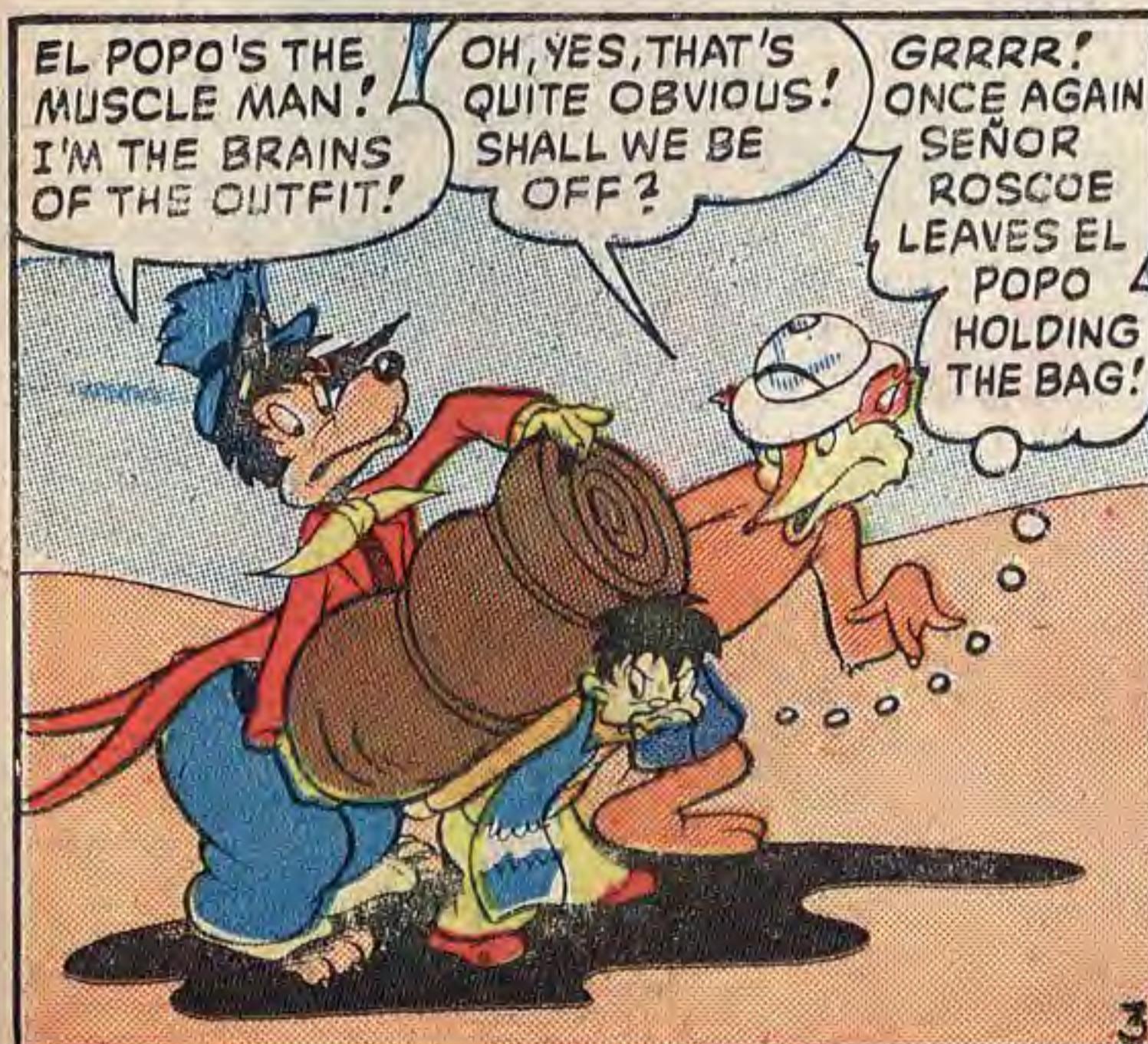
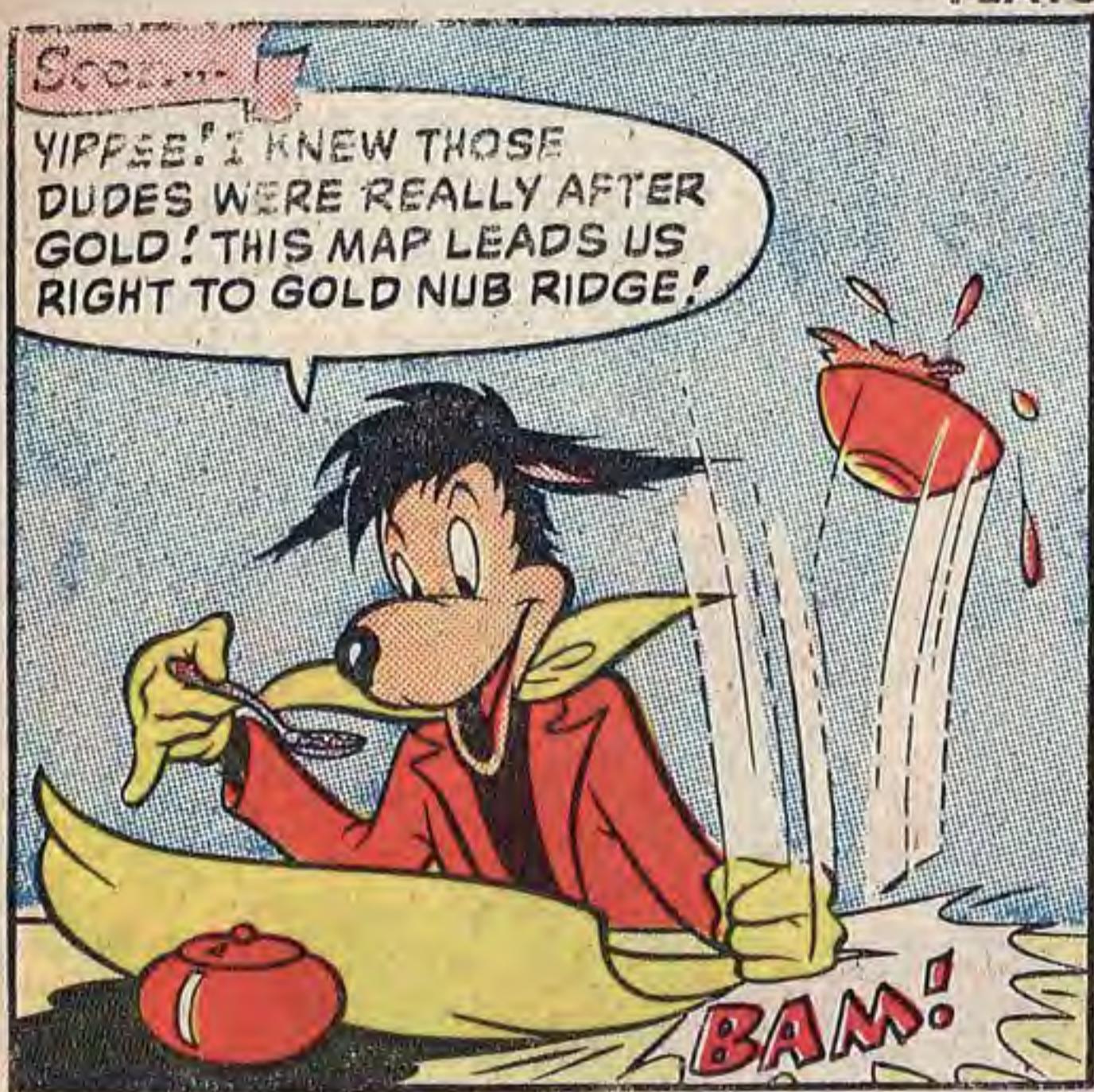
WE MUST
GO TO WORK!
I AM ONE
HUNGRY
HOMBRE!

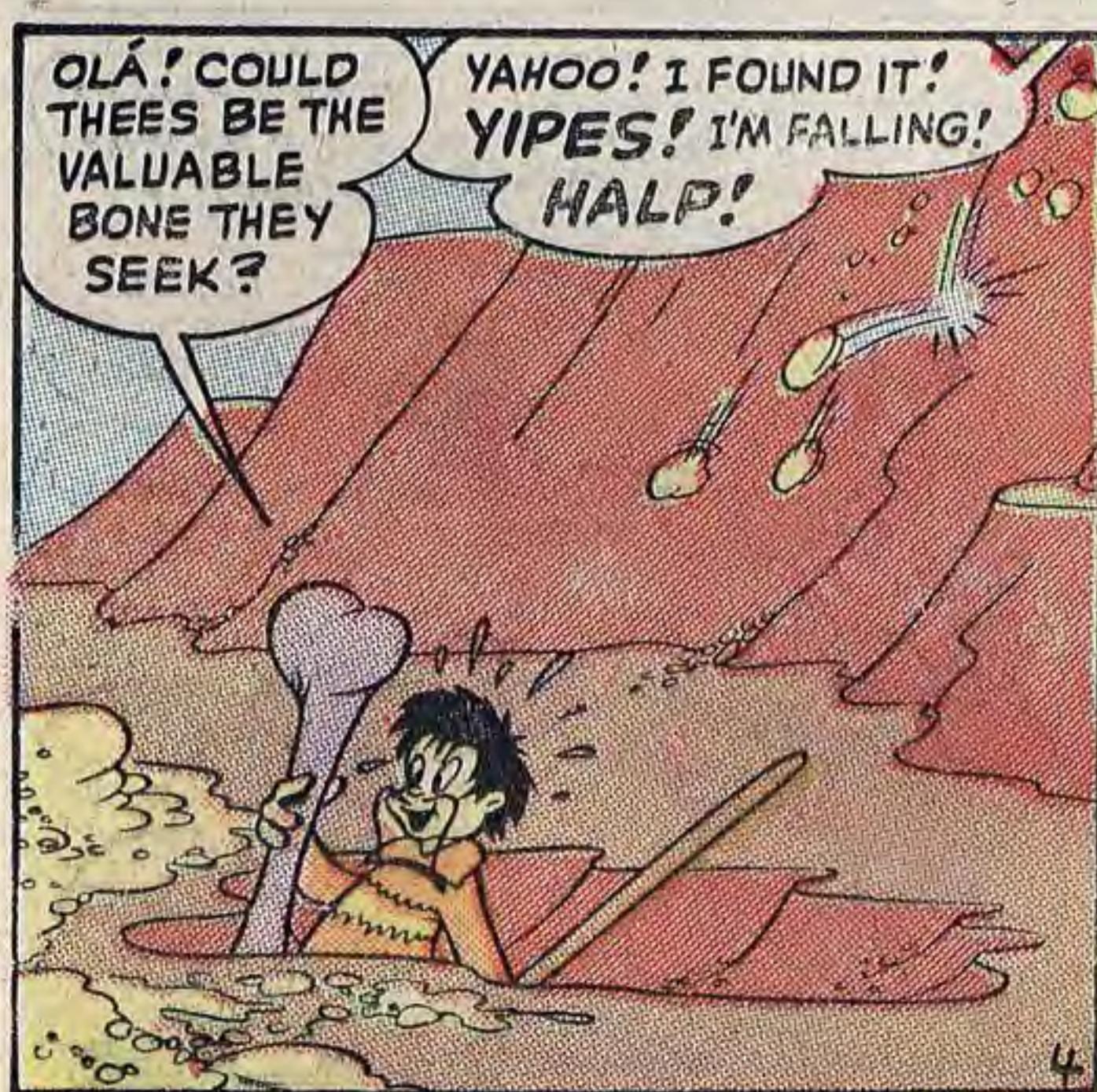
YEAH, BUT I JUST CAN'T
HELP DREAMIN' OF
FINDING A GOLD
MINE, OR
SOMETHING!

NCH
50¢

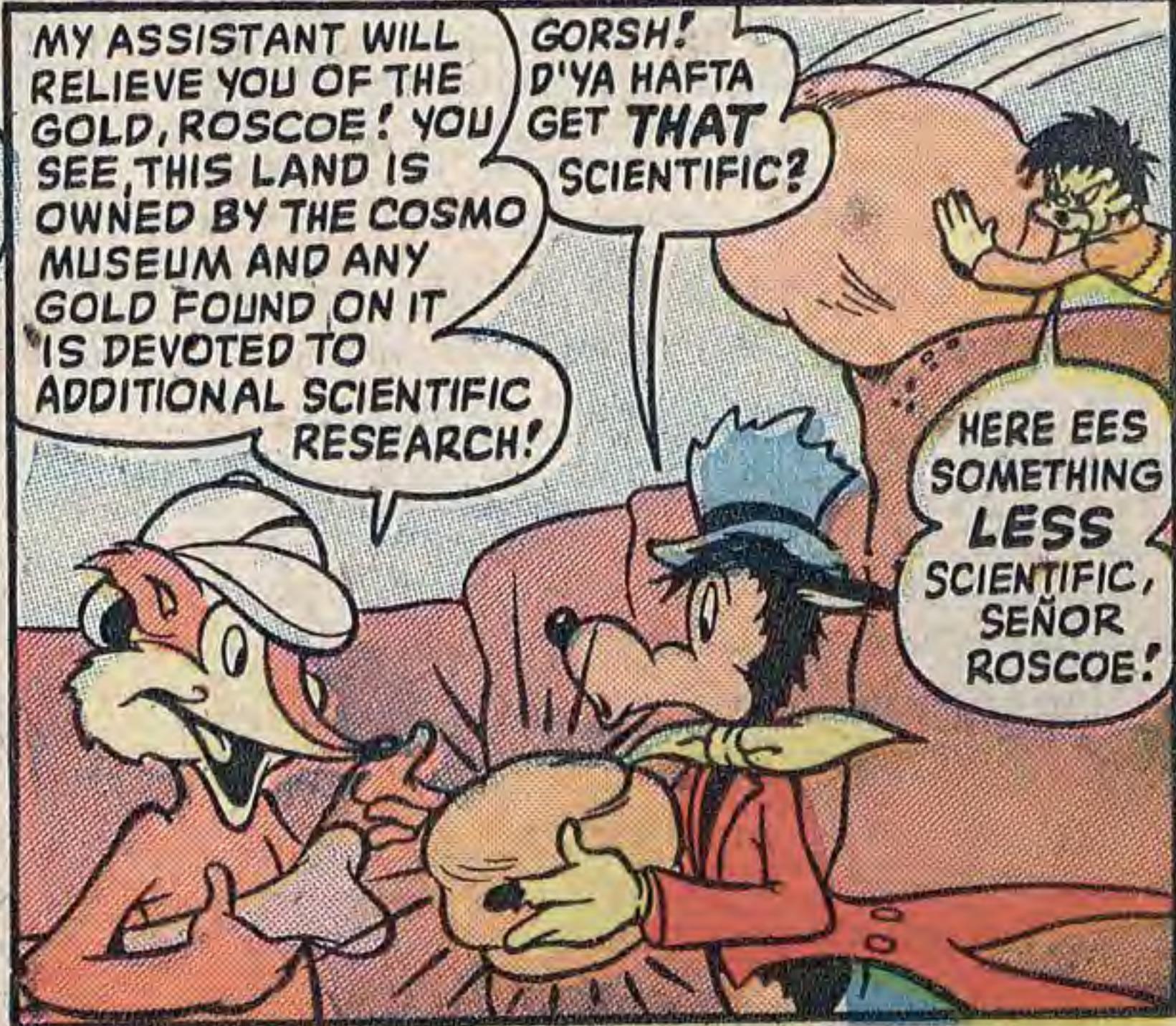
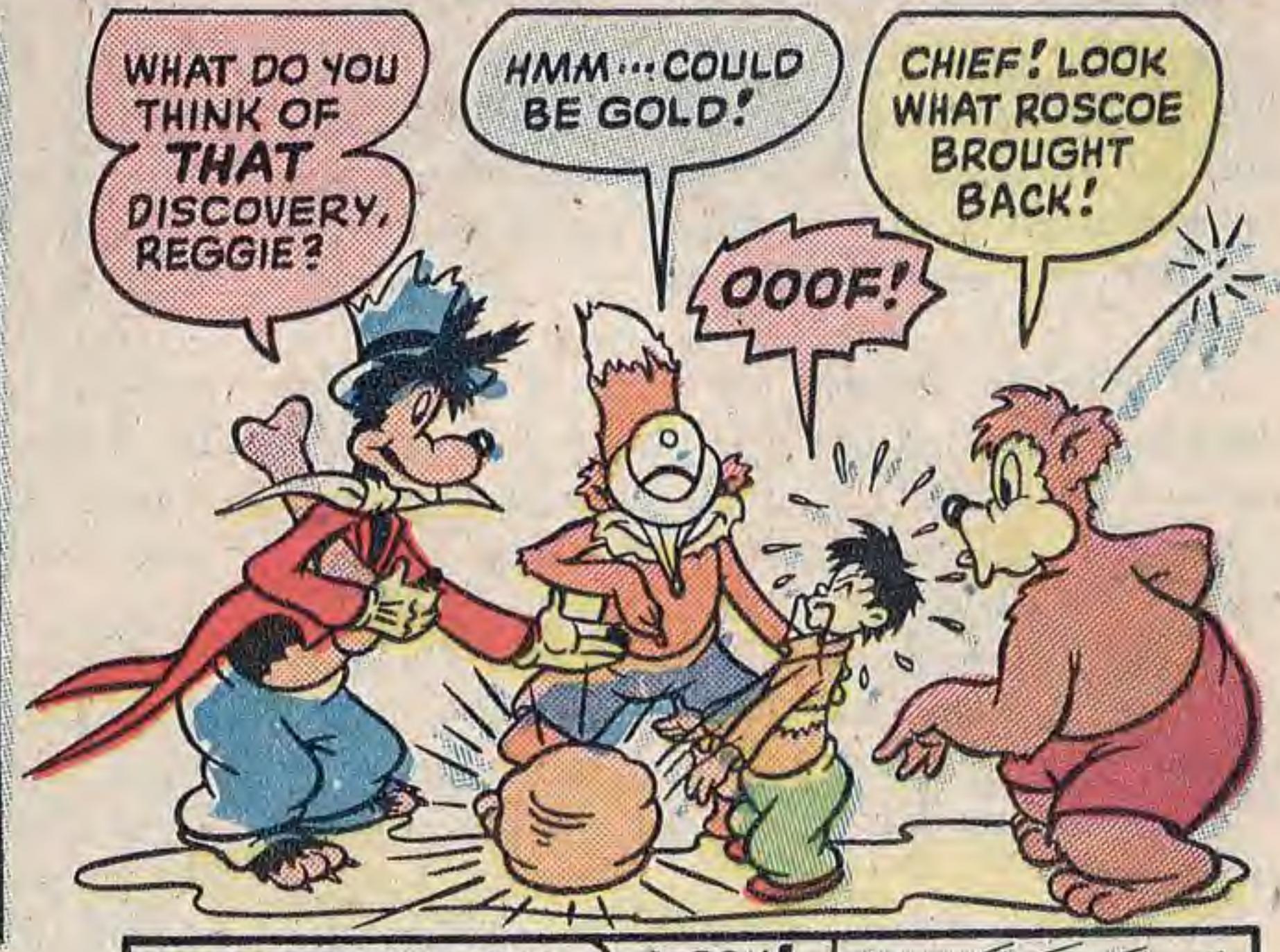








FEATURE COMICS



TOYSHOP Terror

"OH Darrel," Martha Roberts said as she gazed into the store window, "just look at these adorable dolls in Karl's Toyshop. I never have grown up. I still collect them."

"Some other time, Martha," Darrel replied. "We're late for our dinner date with Tony Conley. He said his F.B.I. office has information on those jewel robberies that have the police baffled."

"He won't mind waiting a few more minutes," Martha said.

Followed by a resigned Darrel, Martha entered the small toyshop. The shelves on one side of the wall were devoted to nothing but dolls of all types. The remainder of the store space was given over to model airplanes, construction sets and toys to interest every age group.

As Martha stopped in front of the doll display a wrinkled old man shuffled from the rear of the store. He stood patiently at her side. "Do you see anything you would like, Miss?" he asked in a hoarse, croaking voice.

Martha's eyes brightened as she saw a small shepherdess, complete with crook and a tiny bonnet. She reached for it eagerly, saying, "This is the one I want. Won't you buy it for me, Darrel?"

A frightened look came to the old man's eyes as Martha took the small doll from the shelf. He snatched it quickly from her and said, "I'm sorry, Miss, but that doll is not for sale."

"Look here," Darrel said warmly, "it was on sale. Why can't the young lady have it?"

"It was a mistake," Karl protested. "I didn't mean for it to be on the shelf. It is being saved for another customer of mine."

Darrel smiled ruefully at Martha. "I guess you'll have to make another choice," he said.

"That was the only one I saw that I really liked," she replied. "Let's go meet Tony."

"We have some fine imported dolls here," the old man said. "Why don't you look them over? Perhaps you will change your mind."

The engaged couple turned to leave the

store, when a small, shabby man darted into the shop, almost bumping into Martha. She stepped back, looking on curiously as the little man went to Karl and whispered a few words to him. The old shopkeeper nodded and handed him the shepherdess doll, which he had just refused to sell to her.

The shabby little man took the doll eagerly and bolted through the door again. "You see," Karl said, "that was the customer who had already paid me for the doll."

"Martha, suppose you go on and meet Tony," Darrel said, after the two had left the toyshop. "Tell him I've a hunch I'm working on—something to do with dolls."

"All right, Darrel," Martha replied. "But darling, do be careful."

Darrel slipped into an alley and, with the exertion of his redoubtable will, compressed the molecules of his body to become the invincible Doll Man. Then he left the alley and raced back in the direction of Karl's Toyshop.

When he reached it, Karl was closing the door. Doll Man hurried through the narrowing crack and shot between the old man's legs. "Felt like a cat or a dog came in," Karl croaked. "Now I'll have to waste more time trying to find it."

Doll Man leaped lightly to the shelf and posed rigidly against the wall. In the dim light he looked like any one of the dolls on display. He held his breath as the old man searched the store slowly and painstakingly.

Muttering his disgust, Karl finally drew the window shades and prepared to retire to his living quarters at the rear of the store. Just then a light knock sounded. The old man sighed and moved to the door, opening it slowly. He peered into the darkness, then swung the door open as he identified the visitor.

"It's you, Feeny," he said gutturally. "I didn't expect you so soon."

"I've got another customer," Feeny whined. "The stuff's in my pocket. Let's go."

Doll Man watched cautiously as the owner of the whining voice entered. It was the man

FEATURE COMICS

who had picked up the shepherdess doll early that afternoon.

"Let's go," Feeny repeated. "I have to rush this one. It's plenty hot."

"Very well," Karl said. "Come over to the shelf and I'll pick one out. I don't have one ready."

The two men walked to the doll display and Karl switched on a light, throwing the shelf into bright relief. Doll Man tensed as Karl drew a large jackknife from his pocket and flipped open the long, glittering blade. His gnarled hand reached out tentatively, as if undecided on which doll to choose.

After a moment his hand closed about the figure of Doll Man, who made his body even more rigid. "This one looks large enough to hold the stuff," Karl said. "I don't remember buying this model, but I am getting old and my memory is not as good as it was."

Holding Doll Man securely in his left hand, he brought up the right hand, which held the knife closer. The sharp point of the blade pricked the tunic which the tiny man wore.

As Karl put additional pressure on the knife, Doll Man twisted lithely away from the blade. "No you don't," he shouted, springing free of the grasp. With a blow too fast for the eye to follow, he sent the knife spinning into the darkness.

"It's Doll Man," Feeny shouted in a horrified voice. "I'm getting out." As Feeny reached the door and fumbled with the lock, Doll Man sprang to his shoulders and beat a powerful tattoo on the frantic crook's chin. Unnoticed, Karl crept up behind the busy little crime-buster and dealt him a heavy blow on the back. Gasping for breath, Doll Man dropped to the floor. Taking advantage of the

opportunity, Karl opened the door and the two men slipped into the night.

Doll Man sprang to his feet, wincing as he put his weight on his right ankle. Unable to run, he climbed to the top of a counter which held a model airplane. He jumped into the cockpit, spun the motor to life and took off through the still-open doorway.

He overtook the fleeing men a block down the street and crashed into Feeny, who was in the lead. The impact knocked the shabby crook to the sidewalk and Karl tripped over the sprawled body. Doll Man, despite his aching ankle, leapt from the plane to grapple with them.

While he was struggling to subdue the two, a police car pulled up at the curb. Tony Conley and two uniformed officers emerged, and quickly manacled the now-quiet Karl and Feeny.

Then, to the Doll Man's surprise, Martha stepped from the car, saying, "I just couldn't go home knowing you would be in danger, Doll Man, so I told the story to Tony. I'm glad I did."

"What are the charges against these two, Doll Man?" Tony asked.

Doll Man held a sparkling handful of jewelry. "I took these from Feeny," he said. "You will probably find they were stolen tonight by the thugs you said are terrorizing the town. Old Karl was putting the stolen goods in dolls while Feeny, acting as a go-between, would then take the dolls to a fence."

"We'll get a confession from Feeny," Tony assured him. Then he grinned as he said, "I doubt if old Karl will want to return to the doll business when he's served his time—not after tangling with the Doll Man."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U.S.C. 233)

OF FEATURE COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, N.Y. for October 1, 1948

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

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EVERETT M. ARNOLD
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September 1948.
LOUIS J. KURLANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

PERKY

by
GILL
FOX

BEAUTY CONTEST



Perky, the boy who flies to lands of fantasy, naturally meets characters who are out of this world. We now find him landing on Cosmetic Island, where he tries to solve the problems of the **EXILED COSMETICS!**

COSMETIC ISLAND! MY SHINY NOSE WILL BE OUT OF STYLE HERE!



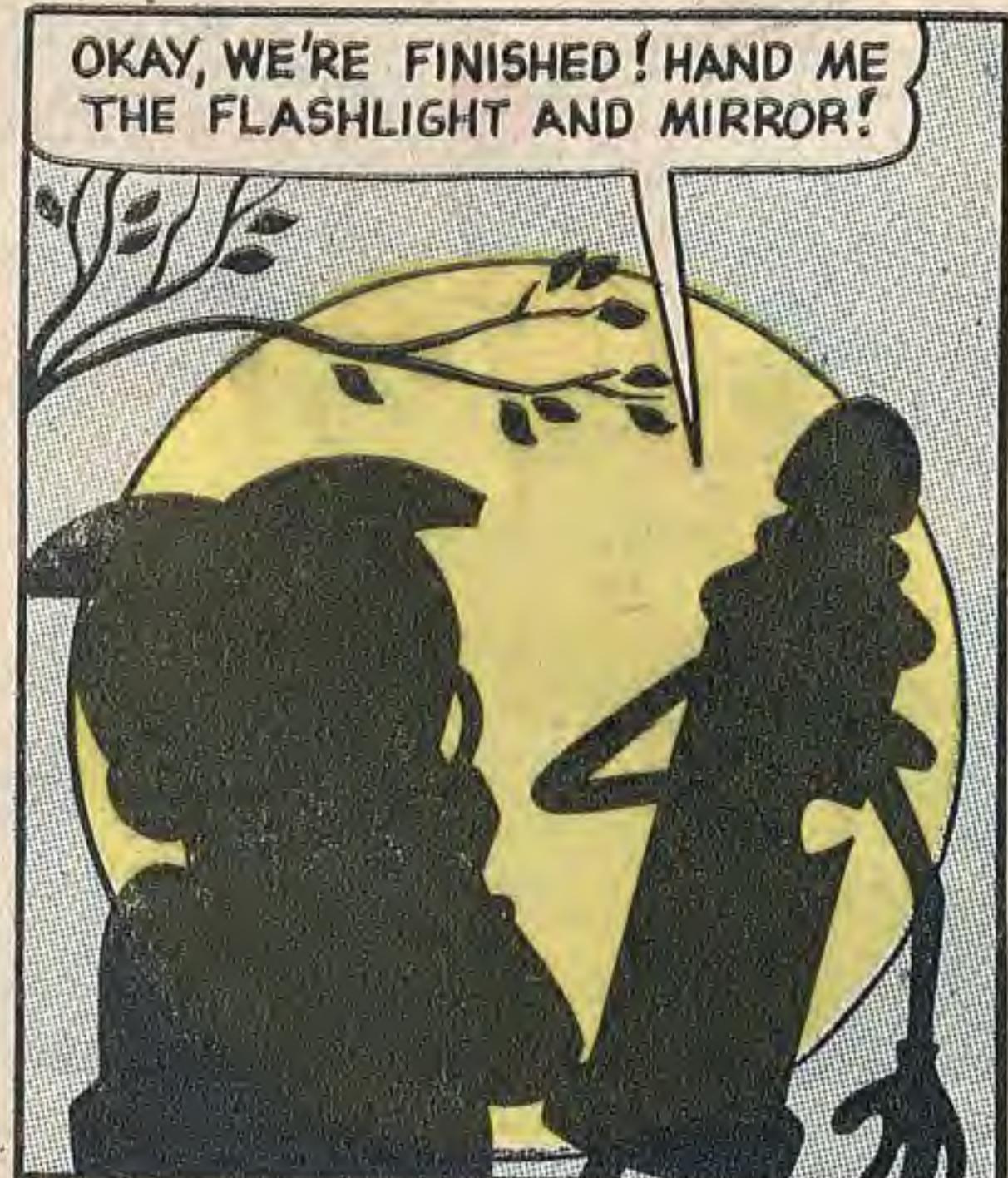
HEY, FELLERS... LOOK! A VICTIM HAS FINALLY LANDED ON OUR ISLAND!



LET'S GO TO WORK ON 'IM, BOYS!



OKAY, WE'RE FINISHED! HAND ME THE FLASHLIGHT AND MIRROR!



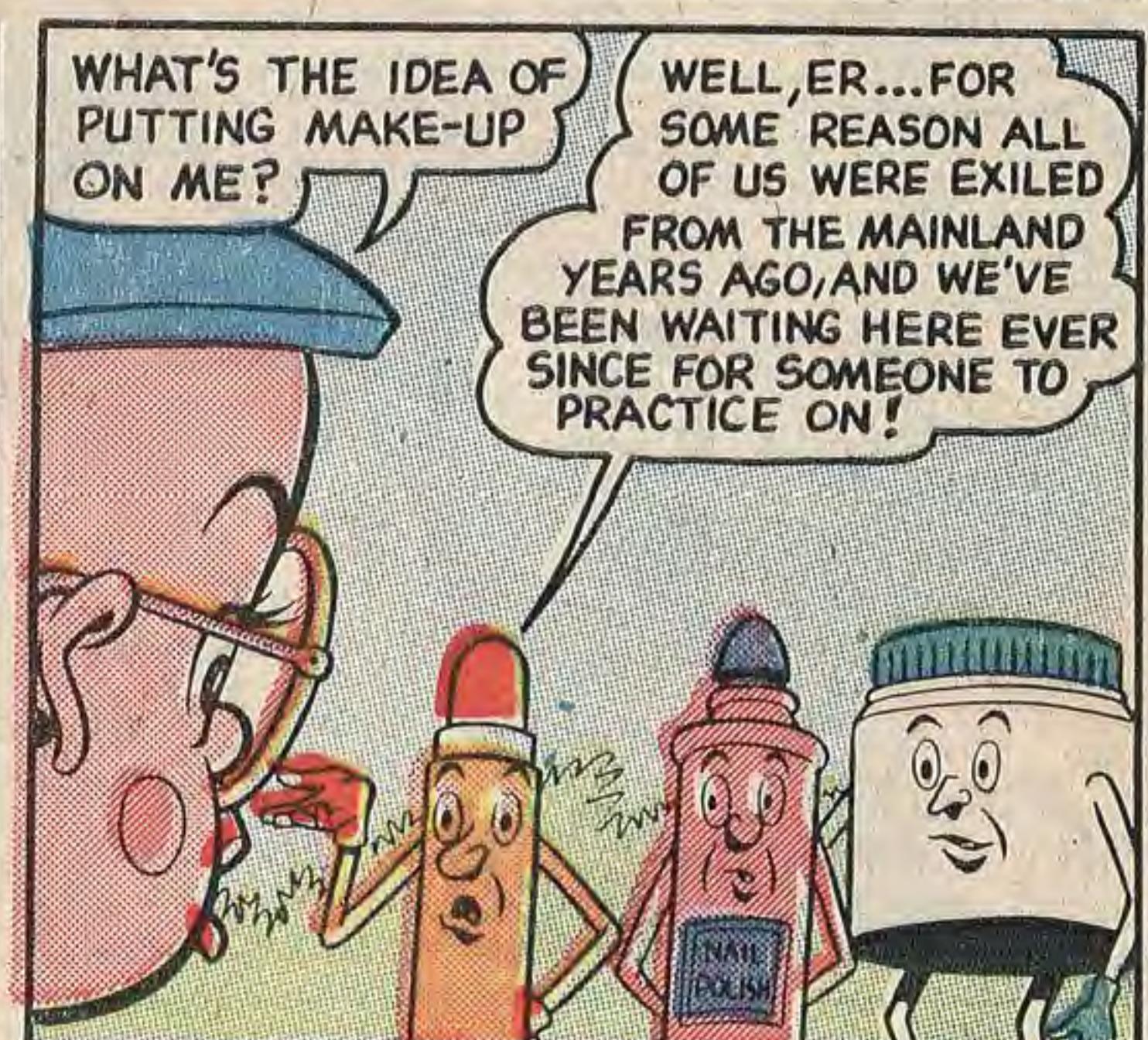
YIPE! IS THAT ME?

SURE! WHEN IT COMES TO BEAUTIFYING PEOPLE, WE COSMETICS HAVEN'T LOST OUR SKILL!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PUTTING MAKE-UP ON ME?

WELL, ER...FOR SOME REASON ALL OF US WERE EXILED FROM THE MAINLAND YEARS AGO, AND WE'VE BEEN WAITING HERE EVER SINCE FOR SOMEONE TO PRACTICE ON!

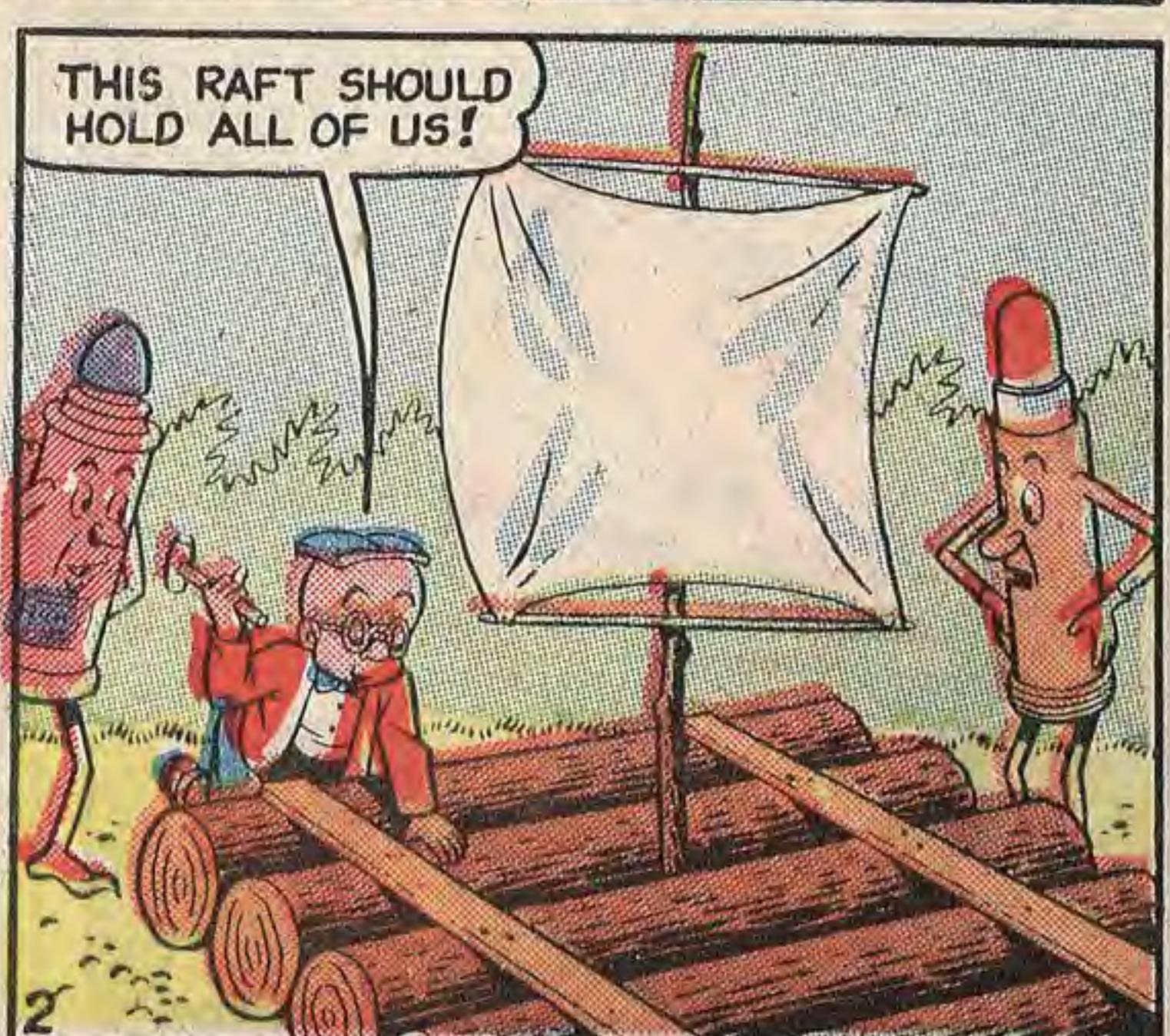


WE ALSO WANT TO GET BACK TO THE MAINLAND... TO FIND OUT WHY WE WERE BANISHED TO THIS ISLAND!

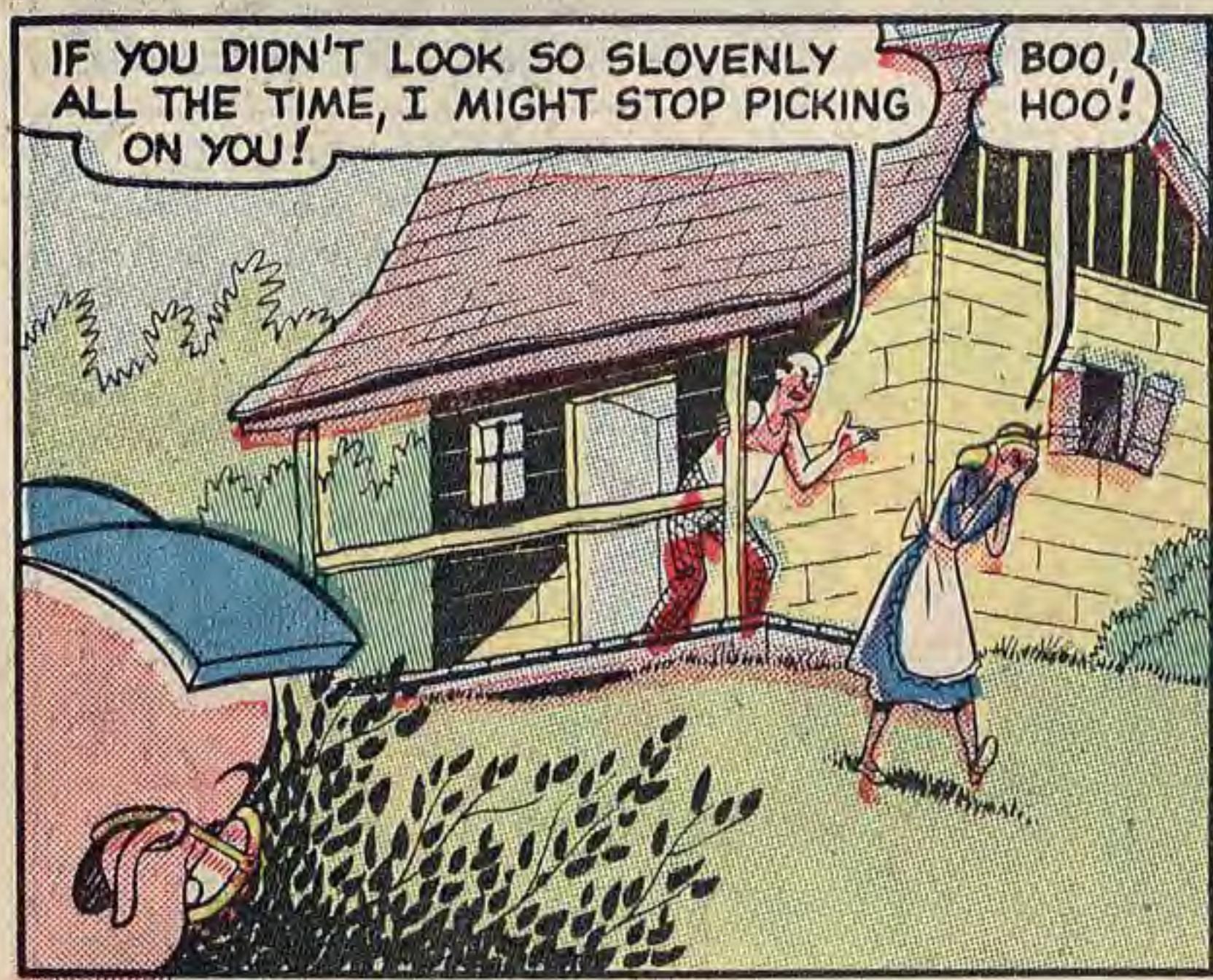
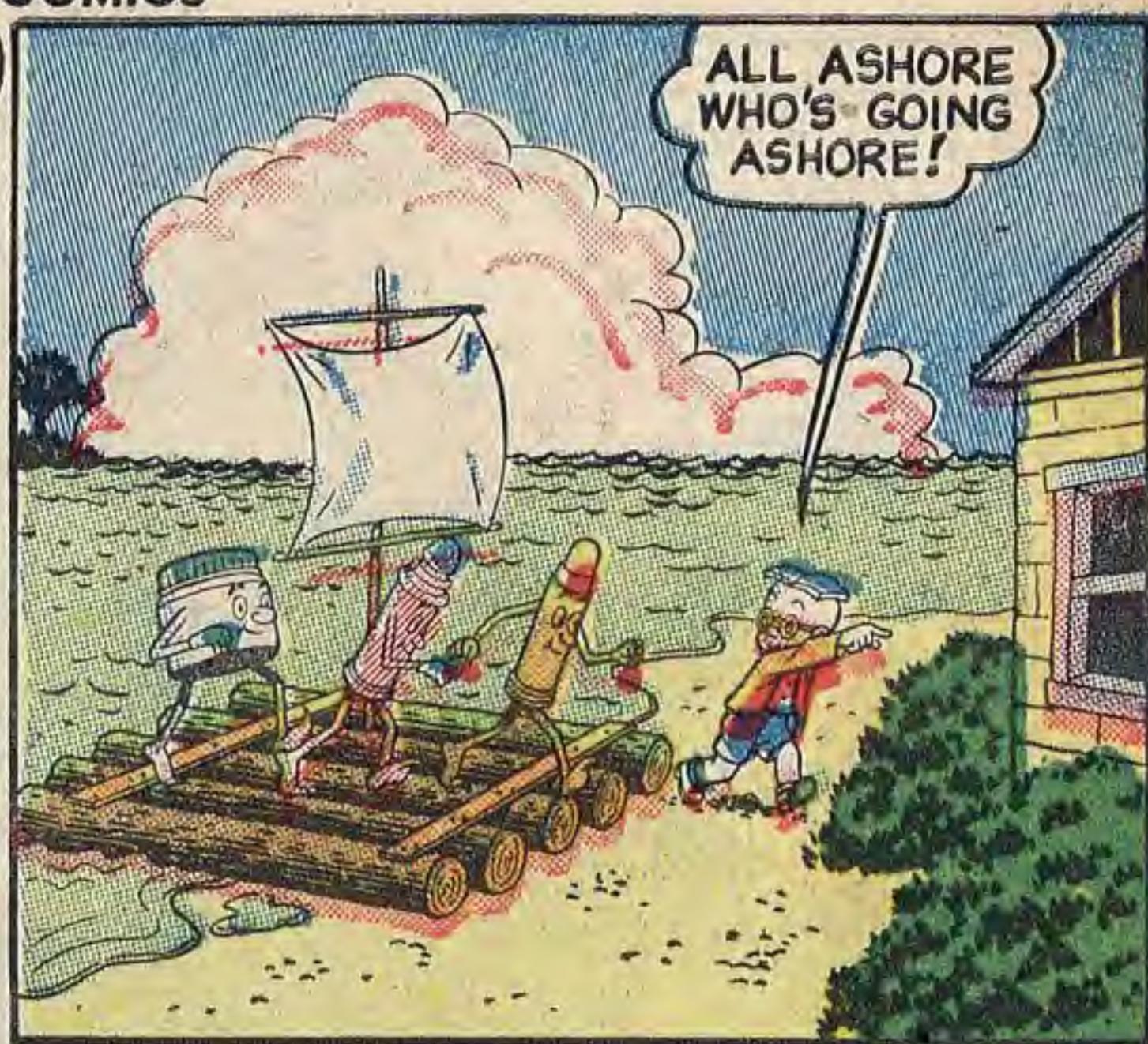
WELL, IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY, LET ME HAVE SOME TOOLS! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET TO THE MAINLAND!



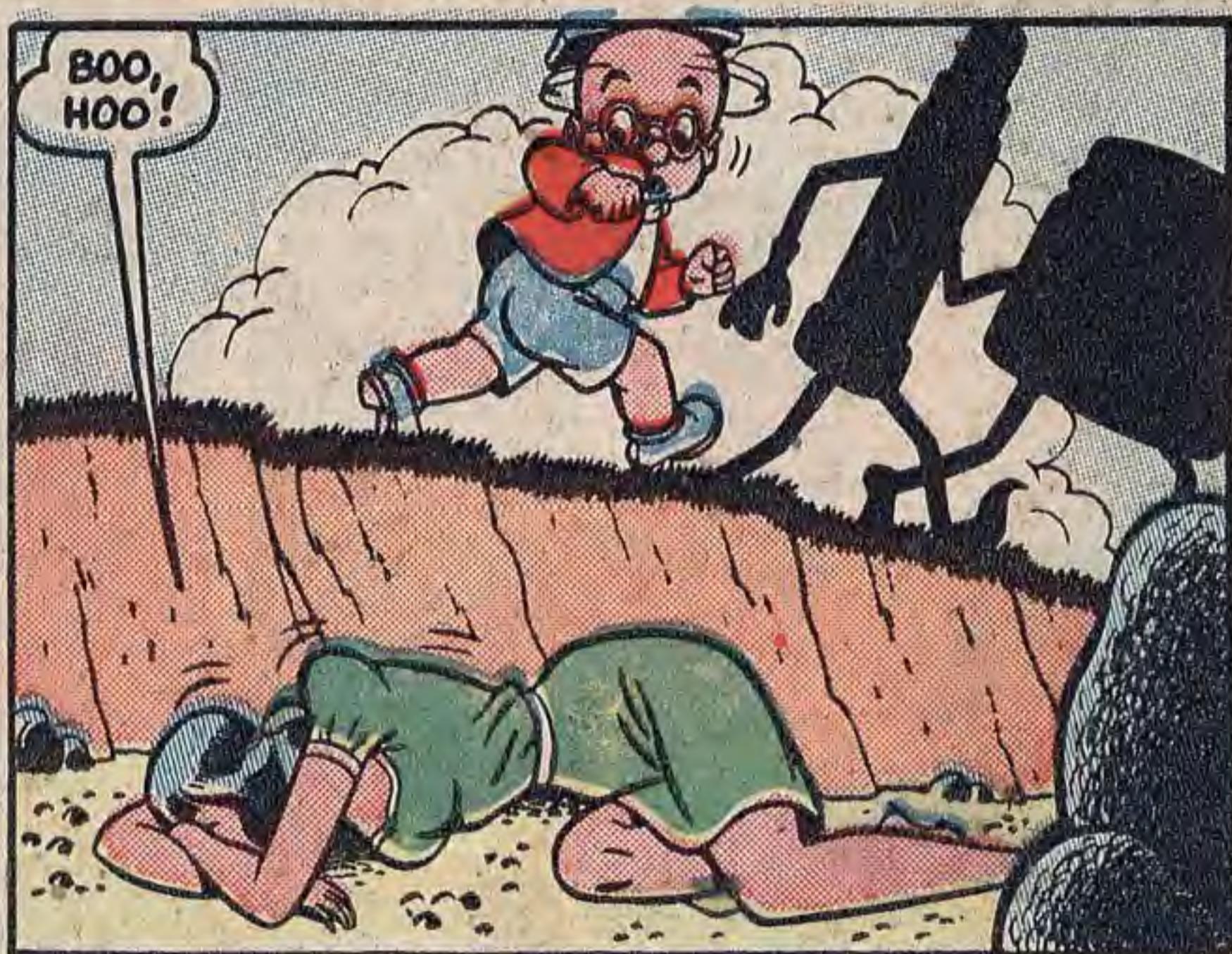
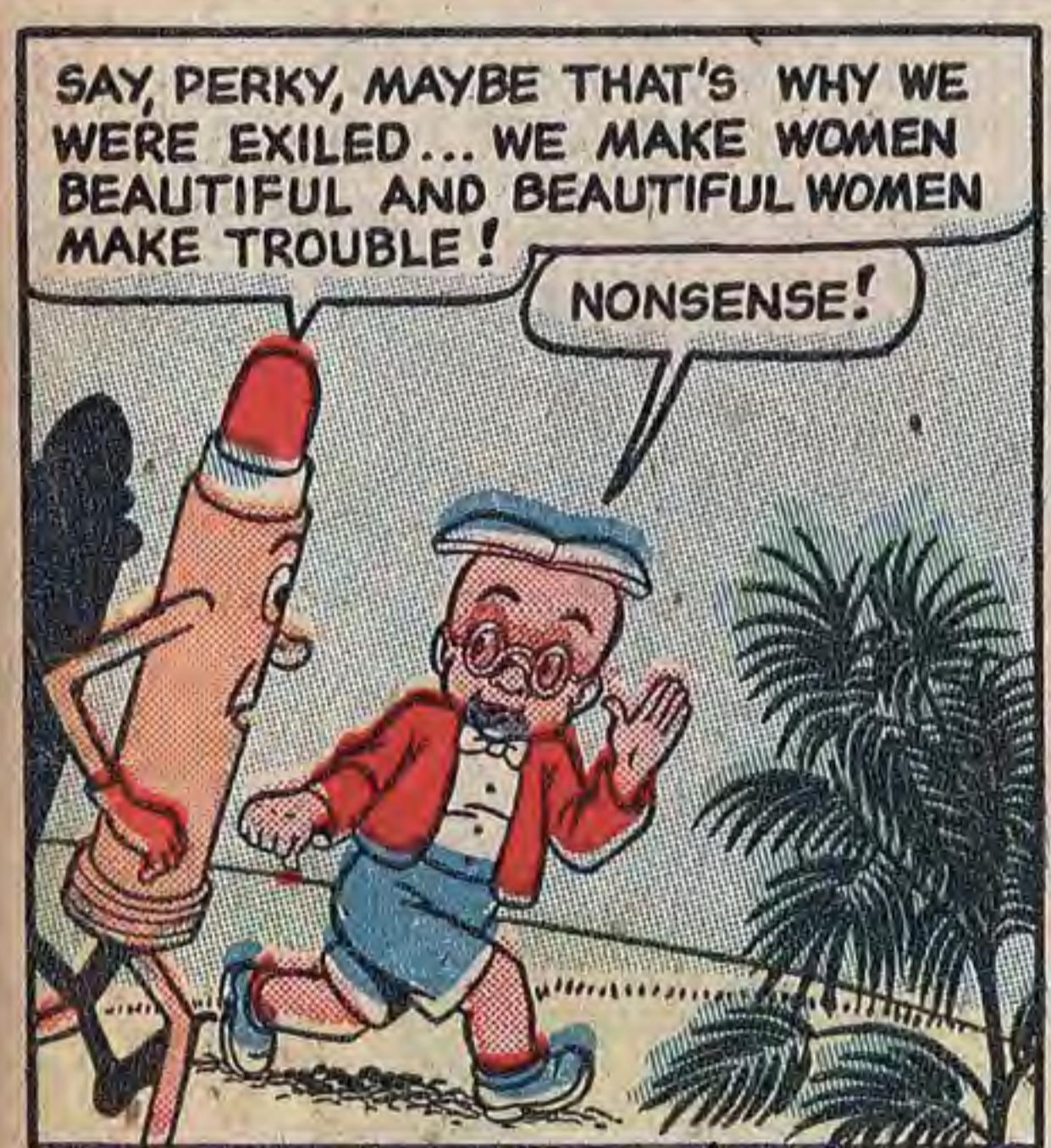
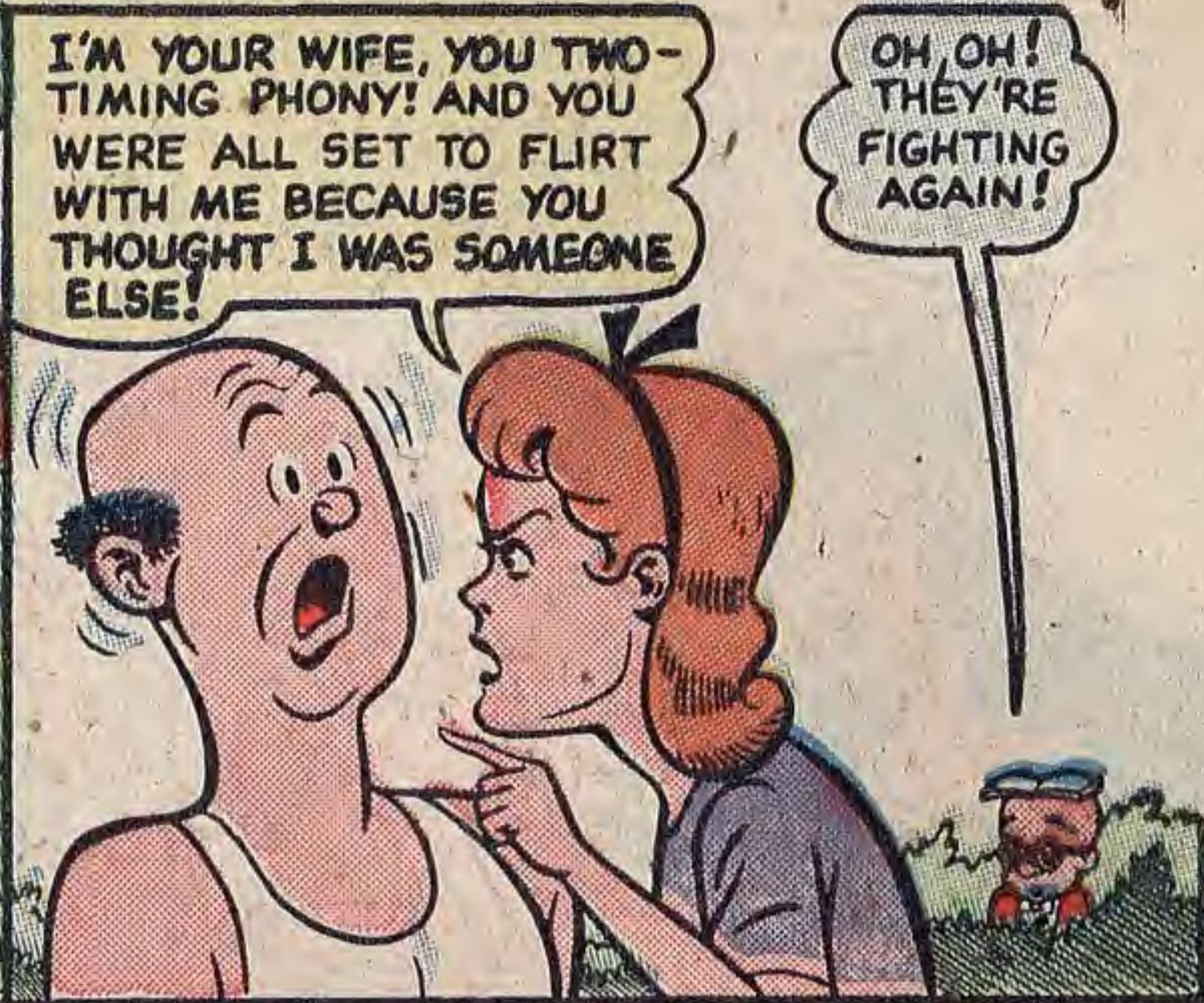
THIS RAFT SHOULD HOLD ALL OF US!



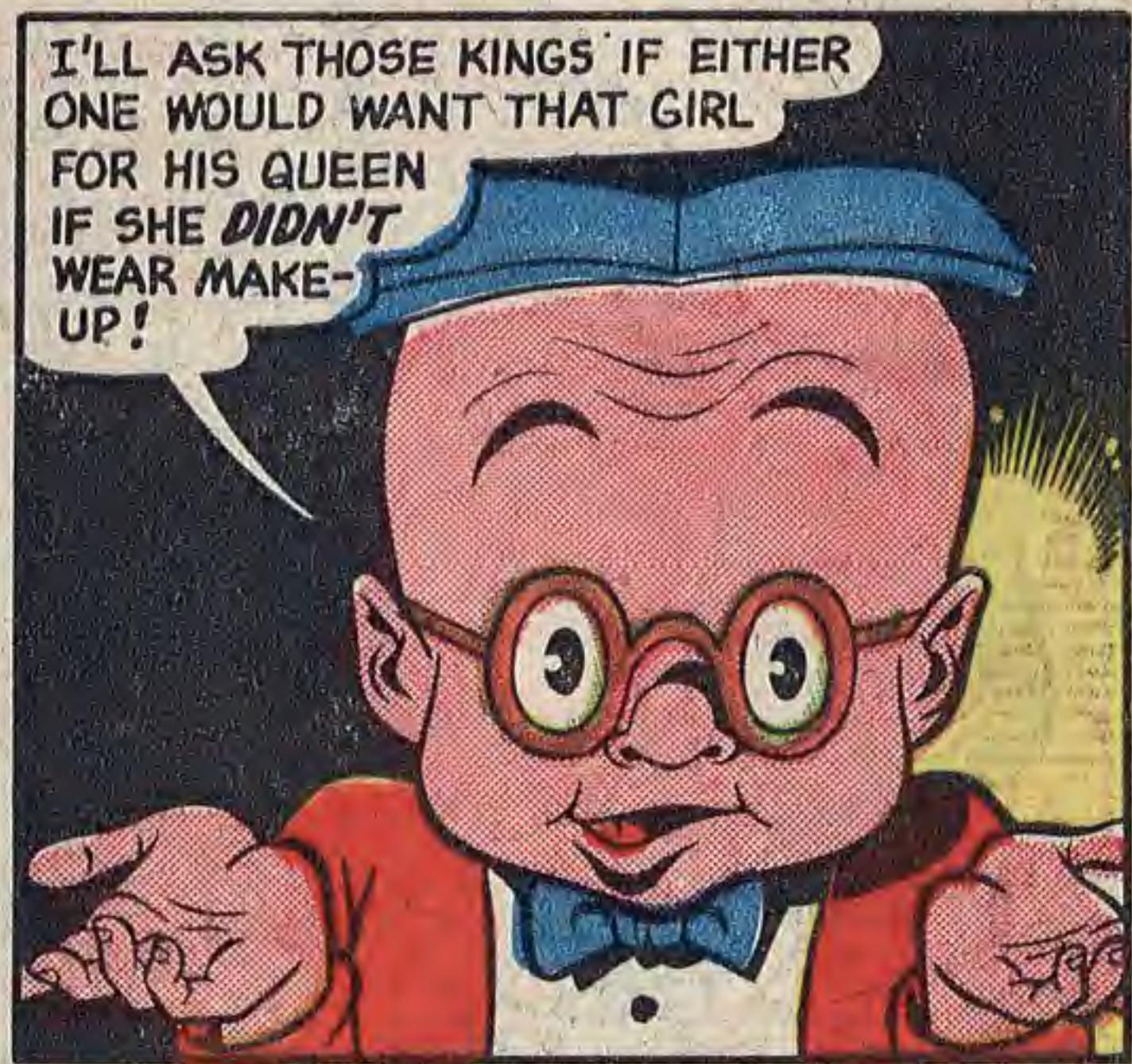
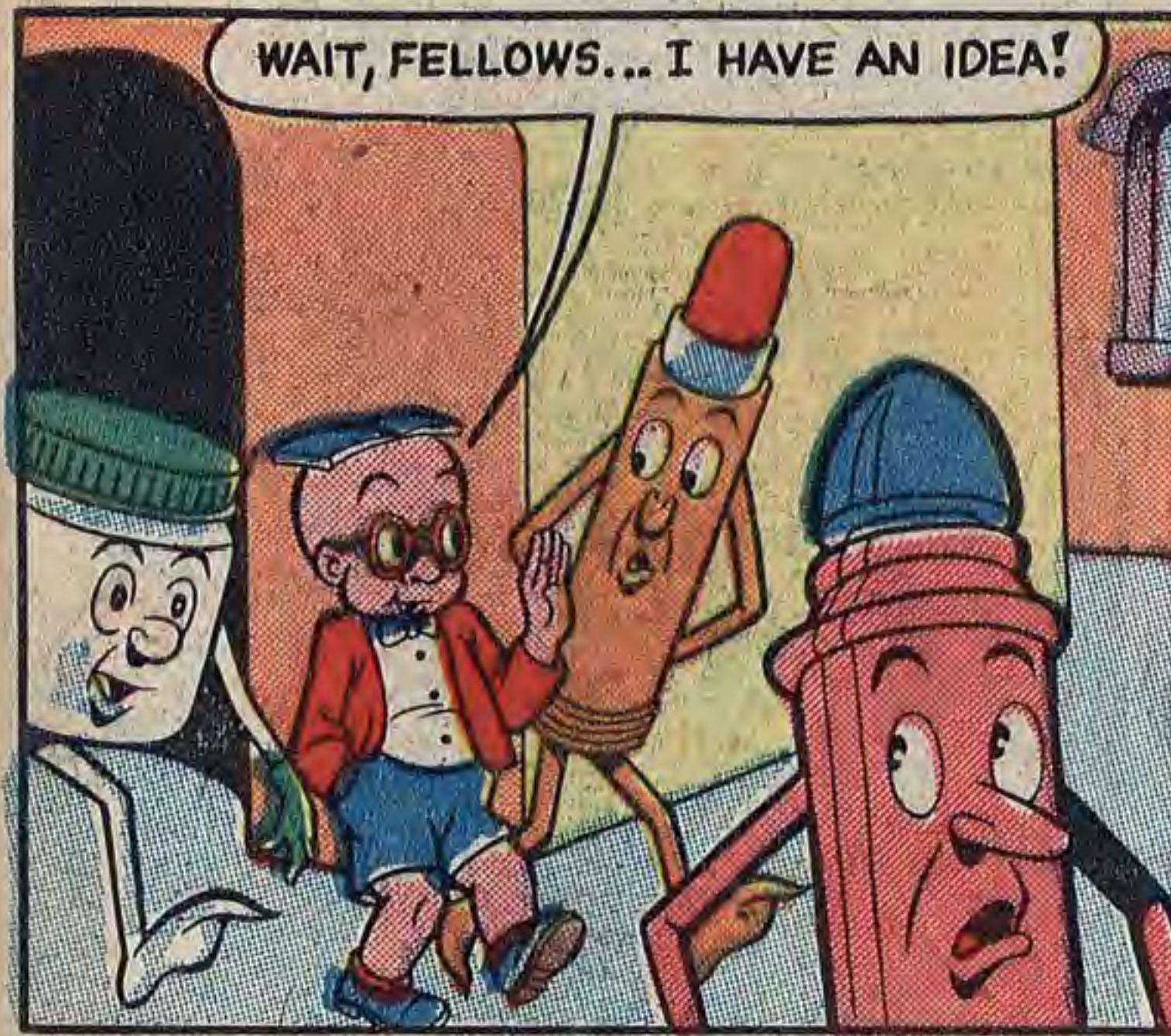
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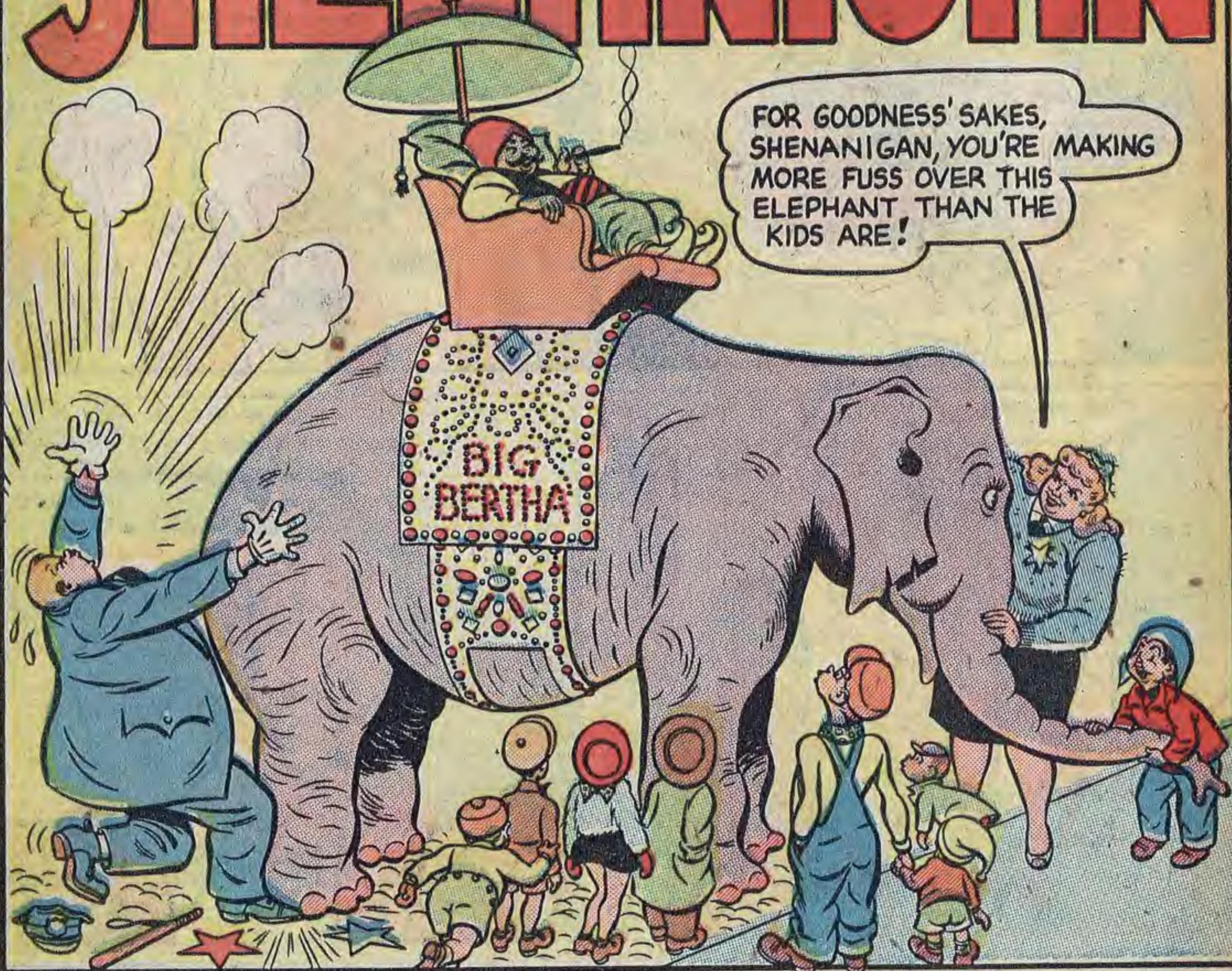
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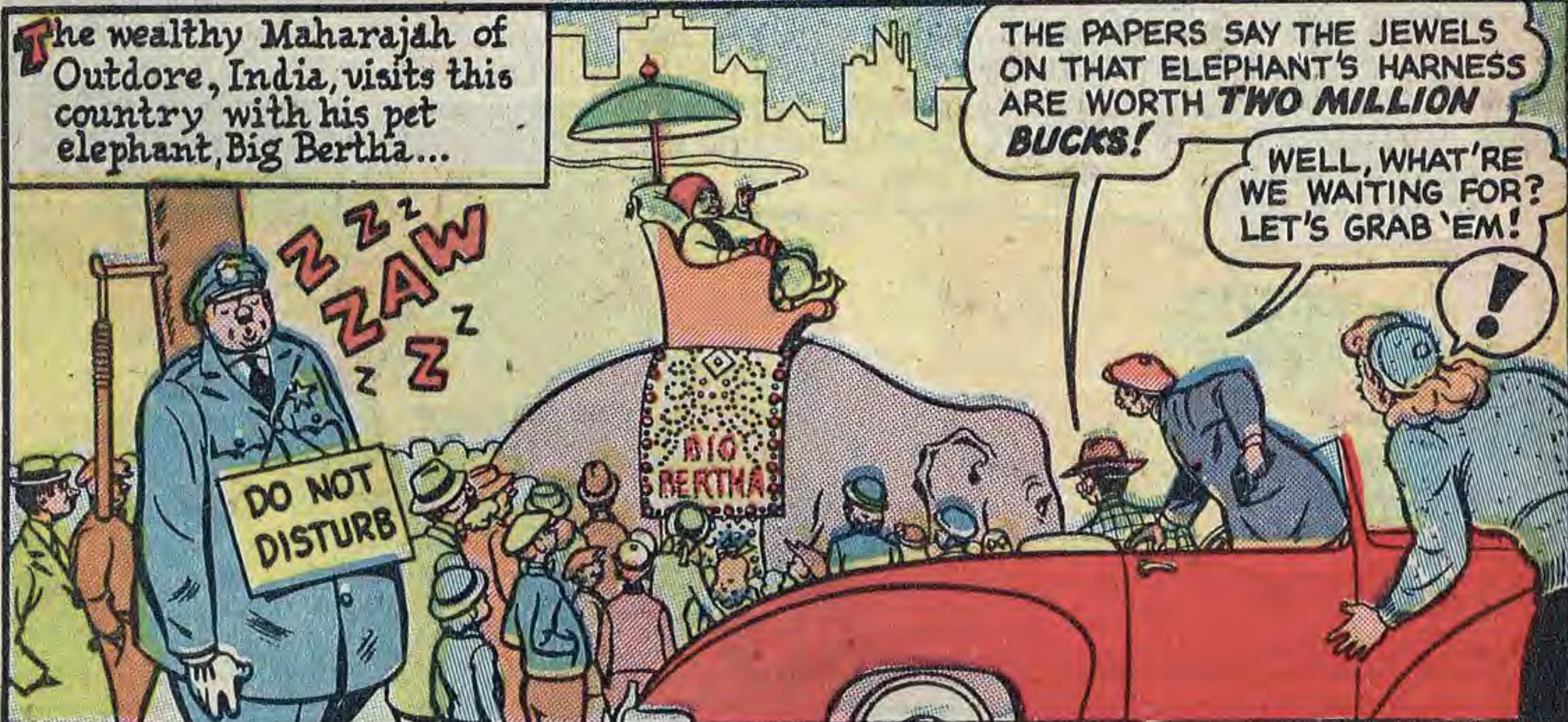


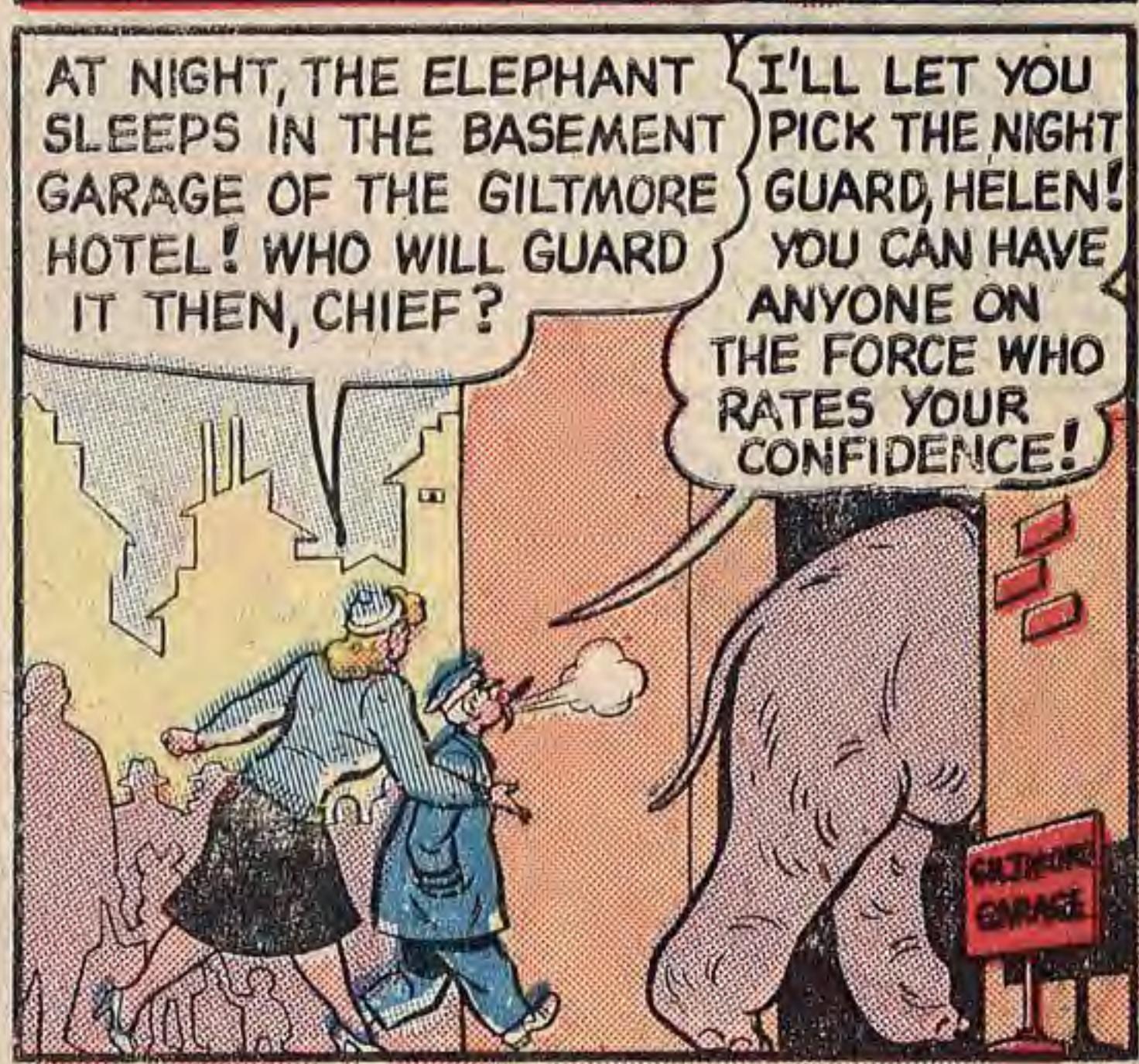


SHEANIGAN



The wealthy Maharajah of Outdore, India, visits this country with his pet elephant, Big Bertha...



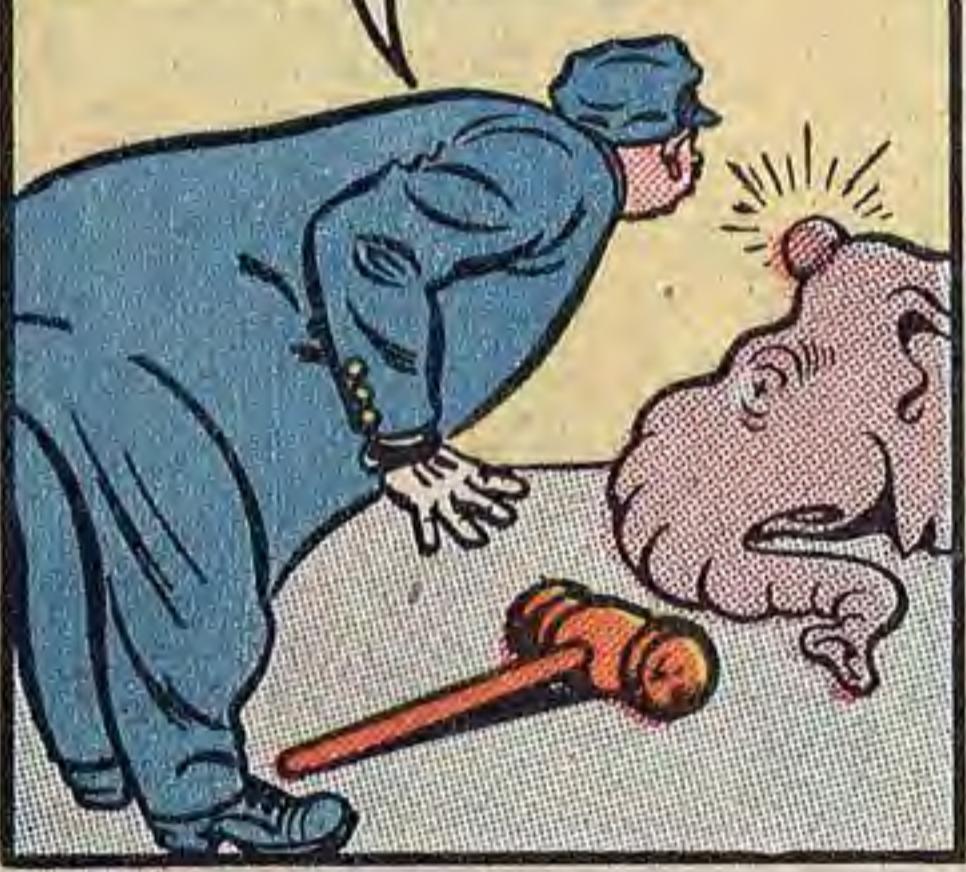


That night, in the Giltmore basement garage...

BIG BERTHA

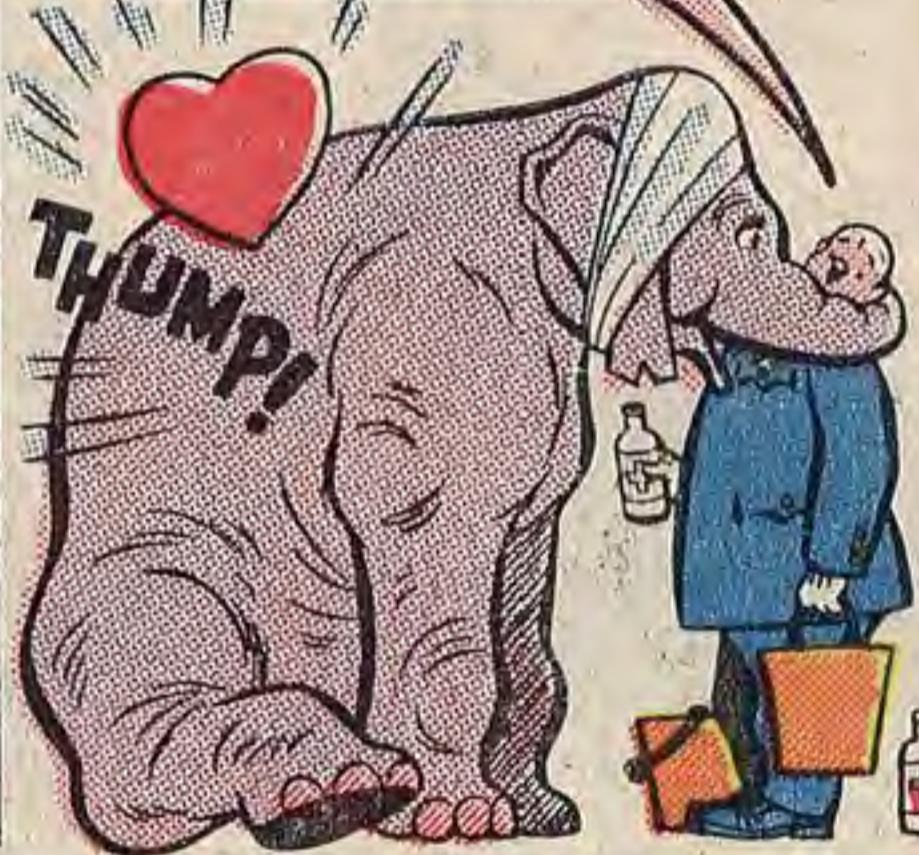


MIGOSH! SOMEBODY'S BOPPED BIG BERTHA WITH THIS SLEDGE HAMMER AND SWIPE HER GEM-STUDDED HARNESS!



Several days later...

I'VE USED UP TEN GALLONS OF LINIMENT, BUT I THINK BIG BERTHA IS ALMOST WELL!



WE'VE FOUND NO TRACE OF THE MISSING GEMS, DEAR! THE CHIEF SAYS THAT IF YOU DON'T GET BUSY AND LOCATE THEM, YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB!

GOSH! HOW CAN I FIND 'EM?

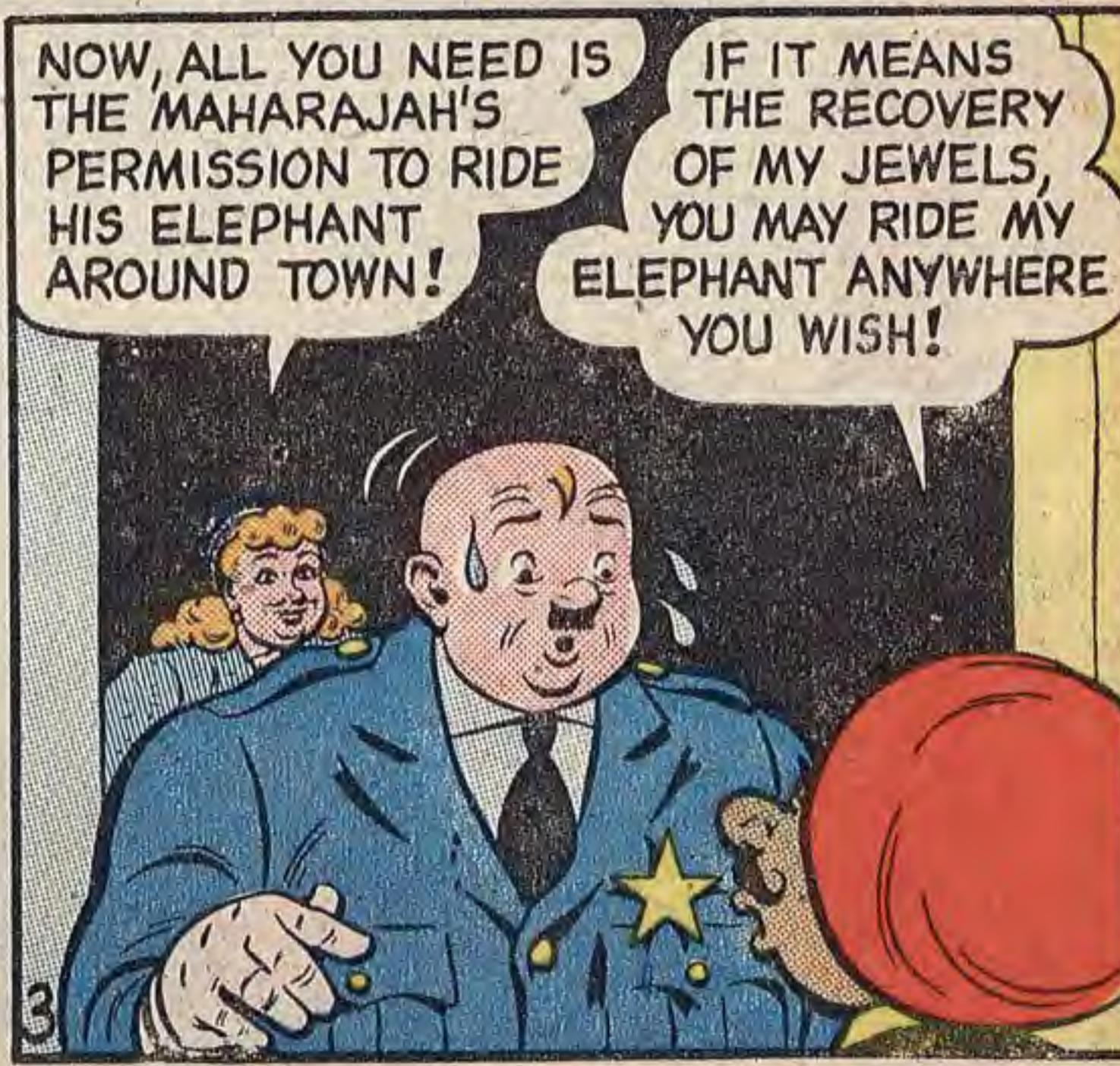


I'VE BEEN TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY STUDYING UP ON ELEPHANTS! I'VE DISCOVERED A PECULIAR FACT ABOUT THEM THAT MAY HELP YOU TO RECOVER THE STOLEN JEWELS! LISTEN! B-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z!

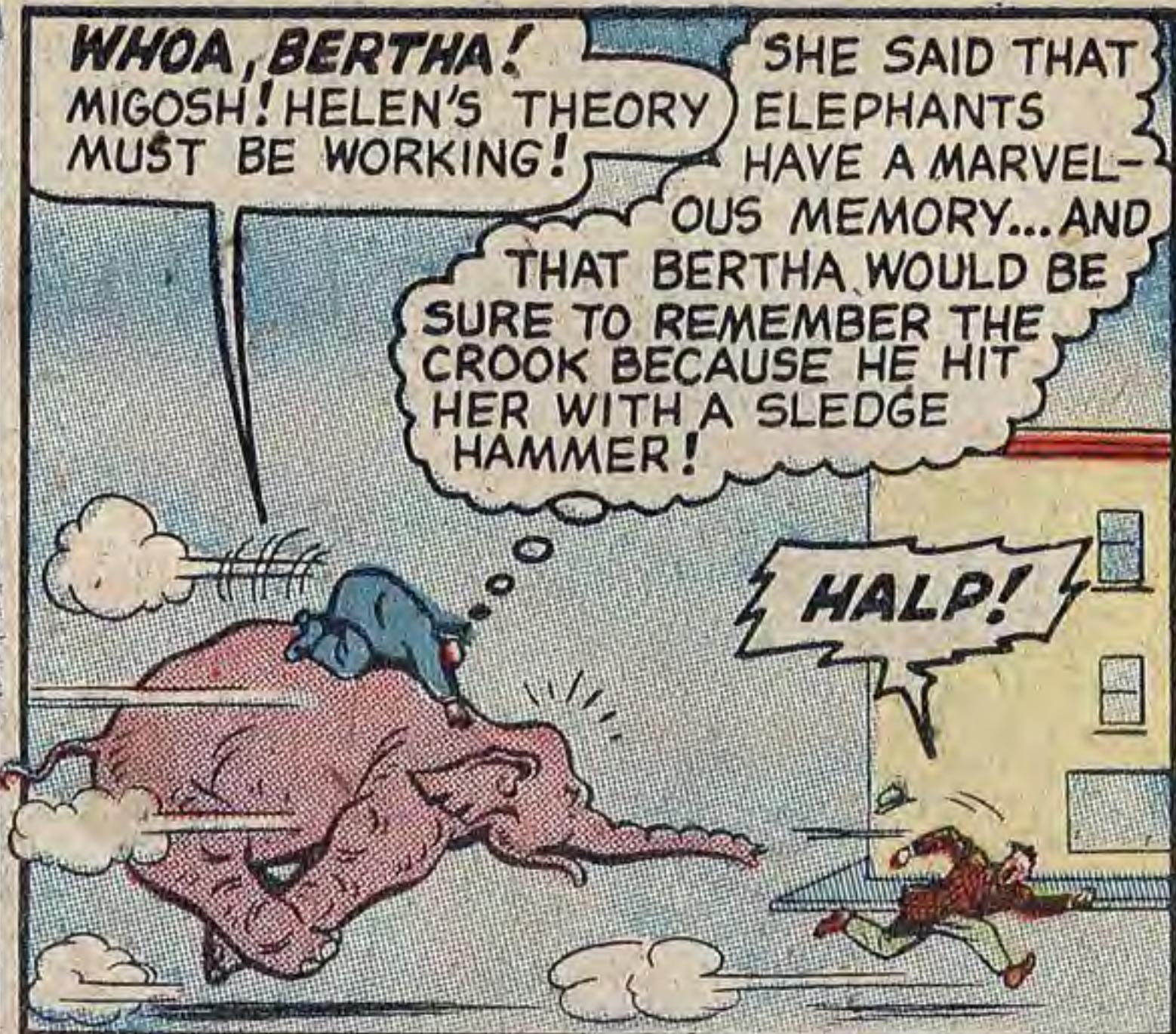
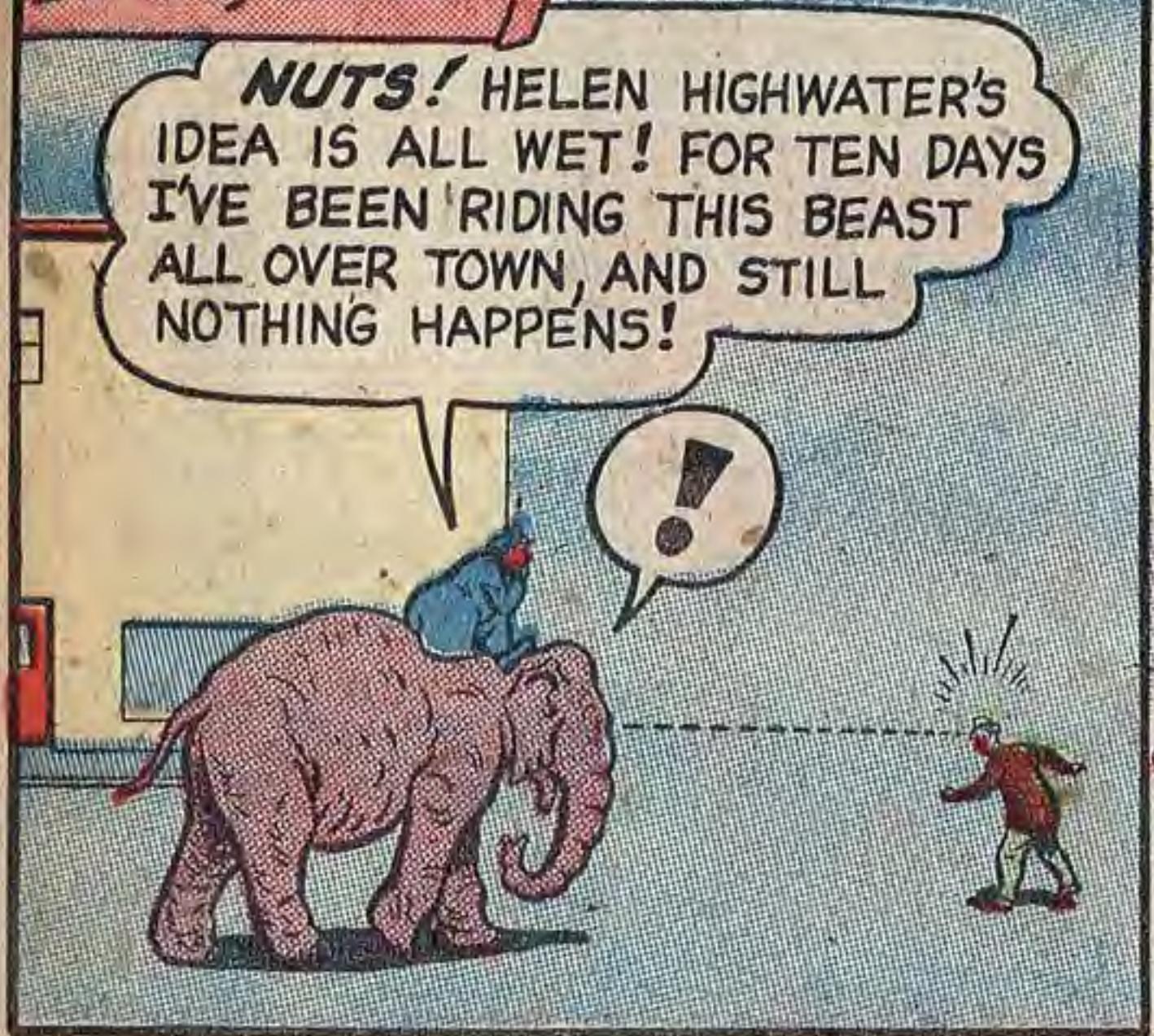
BIG BERTHA

NOW, ALL YOU NEED IS THE MAHARAJAH'S PERMISSION TO RIDE HIS ELEPHANT AROUND TOWN!

IF IT MEANS THE RECOVERY OF MY JEWELS, YOU MAY RIDE MY ELEPHANT ANYWHERE YOU WISH!



Ten days later...



CONFESS!

YOU BOPPED THIS ELEPHANT AND STOLE THE JEWELLED HARNESS, DIDN'T YOU?

YOW!

YES, I DID IT!
SAVE ME!



Later, at headquarters...

SHENANIGAN, YOU CAUGHT THE THIEF AND RECOVERED THE MAHARAJAH'S JEWELS! HOW DID YOU DO IT?



I HAPPENED TO KNOW THAT ELEPHANTS HAVE WONDERFUL MEMORIES! I MERELY RODE BERTHA AROUND UNTIL SHE SPOTTED THE THIEF! SMART, EH CHIEF!



WOW! THIS DIAMOND MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

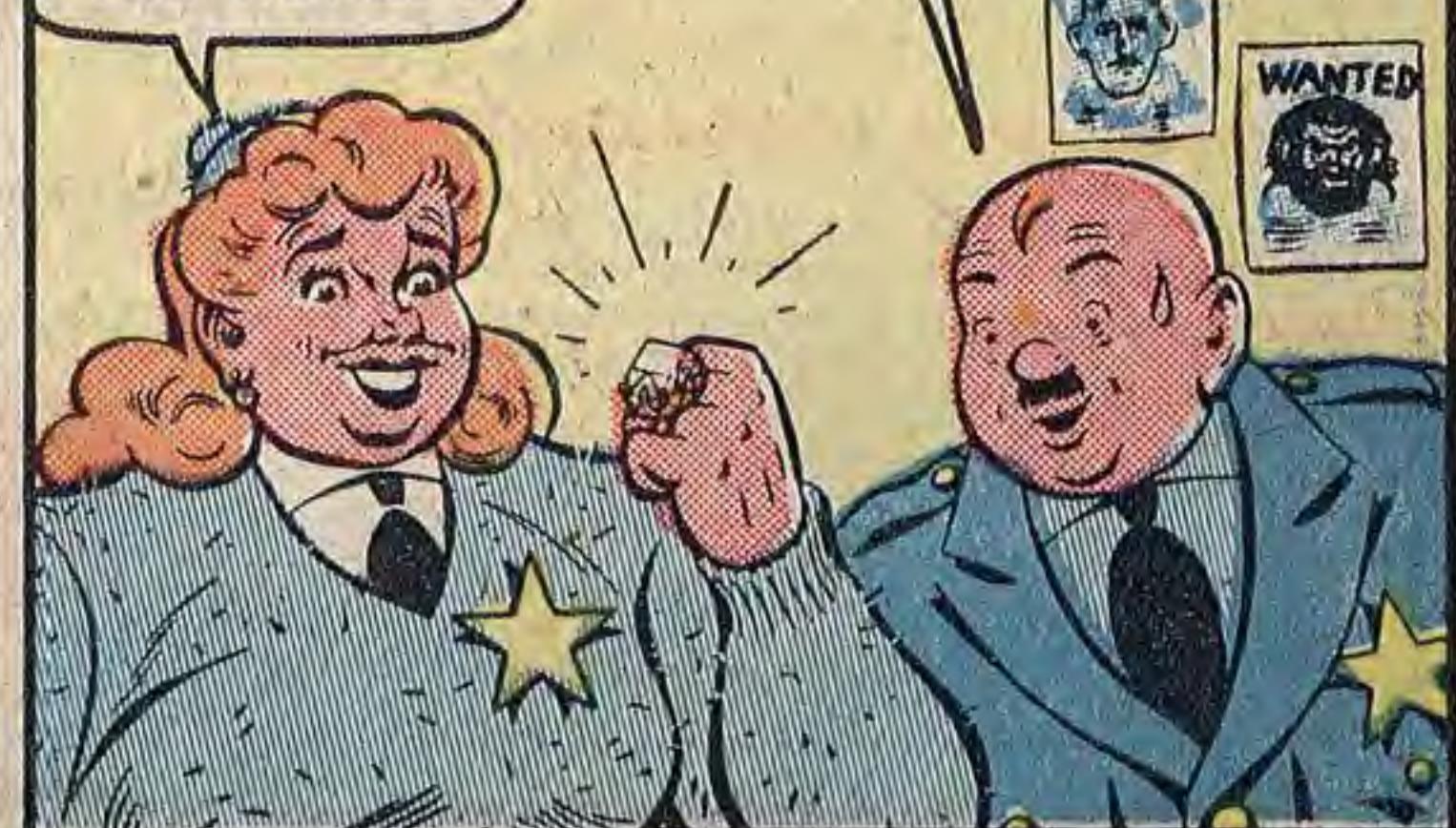
THANKS,
RAJAH!

I SUGGEST THAT YOU GIVE IT TO HELEN HIGHWATER AS AN ENGAGEMENT RING! UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WANT ME TO TELL THE CHIEF THAT IT'S YOUR GIRL FRIEND WHO REALLY DESERVES ALL THE CREDIT!



And so...

SHENANIGAN, YOU'VE MADE ME THE Happiest POLICEWOMAN IN THE WORLD!



IT'S SURE GOING TO BE TOUGH ON ANY CROOKS YOU SLUG WITH YOUR LEFT, HELEN!

ROPE 'EM BOTH, PARTNER!



—for One
Thin Dime
and a 3¢
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GREATEST GUN-AND-FUN BOOK DAISY EVER OFFERED!

Hurry—get and read these two great publications written especially for Daisy B-B Gun shooters and those who want to own a Daisy! The Catalog (bound inside Handbook) shows Daisy's latest B-B Guns in full, exciting colors! The thick, 128-page, pocket-size Handbook No. 2 features comic strips, jokes, magic, inventions, hobbies, cowboy and ranch lore, camping tips, B-B Gun Marksmanship Manual—many others. **Rope this big gun-and-fun bargain now** for only one thin dime (10c) and an unused 3c stamp. Rush Coupon!

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The day you enroll, I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to make EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. From here, it's a short step to your own shop or a good-pay Radio-Television servicing job. Or, if you prefer, get into Police, Aviation or Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing or Public Address Work.

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Think of the opportunities for the man who gets in on the ground floor of the BOOMING Television Industry. New stations are going on the air. Manufacturers are building over 100,000 new sets a month. More and more homes have Television—and that means millions of dollars will be spent each year on Television service. Trained Television men are already in demand; and as the Industry keeps growing, the man who prepares NOW can reap rich rewards.

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Act now! Send for my DOUBLE FREE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson, "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RECEIVER SERVICING," absolutely free. Discloses short-cuts of Radio repair. Over 80 pictures and diagrams! Also get my 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO AND TELEVISION-ELECTRONICS." Tells more about YOUR opportunities, details of my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing and earning. See how quickly, easily you can get started. Send coupon in envelope or paste on penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9CA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Check If Veteran Approved for Training Under G. I. Bill



VETERANS

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

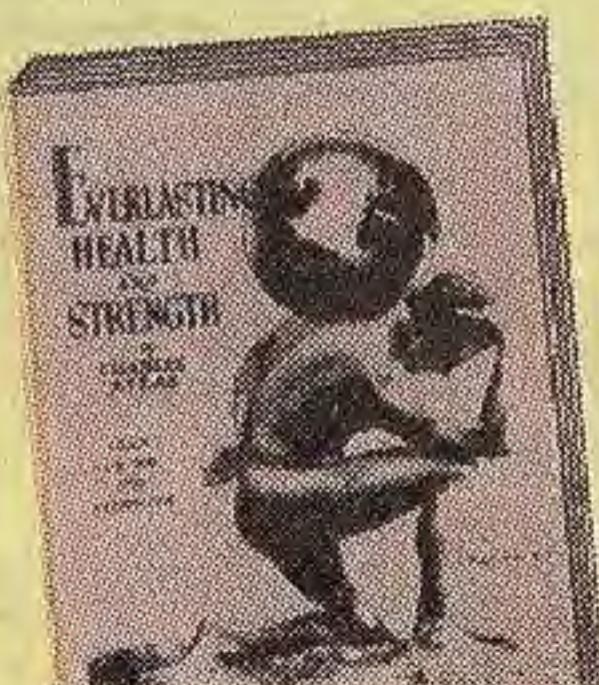
No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-Q 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....